

“Surgeon Cattell’s Crimean War” : transcribed by Dr D J Austin

**Wellcome Library: Special Collections: RAMC/391/1/1 [William Daverell Cattell]
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Extract from A. Margrave : "BRITISH MEDICAL OFFICERS IN THE EAST", May, 2012

Cattell, William (1829-1919), Asst Surgn, 5th Drgn Gds, E, p.47. b, Castle Bromwich, Warwicks, Nov 23, 1829.

MRCS Engl, 1853. Rgrstd BMA, June 21, 1859. F/a Asst Surgn, March 28, 1854; Surgn Maj, July 12, 1864; B.S, Nov 27, 1879; D.S.G, March 12, 1882.

To 23rd Foot, March 28, 1854; 5th Drgn Gds, April 14, 1854; Staff, July 12, 1864; 20th Foot, Nov 16, 1866; 10th Hussars, Dec 11, 1867; Staff, Nov 27, 1879.

Cr War, April 1, 1854 to June 30, 1856, mstrd with regt; May 27 to June 13, 1854, p.o, Himalaya; June 13 to Sept 21, 1854, in Bulgaria; Sept 22 to 30, 1854, to Balakava; Sept 30, 1854 to Dec 17, 1855, in the Cr; Dec 18 to 22, 1855, to Turkey; Dec 22, 1855 to May 13, 1856, in Turkey; April 21, 1856, l/abs, Ismid & Broussa, April 22 to 30, 1856, grntd at Scutari; May 13 to 29, 1856, p.h, Simla; Balaklava, Inkerman, Siege & pres. the Chernaya.

Med AVM: “Was present during the whole of the Campaign in the Crimea, and showed the greatest zeal during the time of the Cholera, and during the action at Balaklava and wherever his services were required under fire”.

Afghanistan 1878-79, Ali Musjid. r.p, Nov 23, 1889.

d, March 20, 1919. Obit. BMJ, June 14, 1919.

Mss, Memoires, Wellcome Libr.

ODM: Med AVM, Cr Med (BIS), TCM, Afghan Medal (clasp).

NB:- 6 crucial sketches by Cattell (included in Wellcome Library: Special Collections: RAMC/391/1/1) are included and described in my article “Nolan at Balaklava: (Part V: New Evidence and New Belief)” - accessible as item 17 via <http://tinyurl.com/djaintarch>.

BYGONE DAYS & “REMINISCENCES BY THE WAY”

CONTENTS

I. Origins: The Crimean War.	pp 2-25
II. Balaclava.	pp 25-37
III. Inkerman and Winter. Spring.	pp 37-59
IV. Constantinople.	pp 59-70

BYGONE DAYS AND REMINISCENCES BY THE WAY

'Non numero horae nisi serenas.' 'I mark only peaceful hours' – Horace.

TO LADY ANNE KERR, AT WHOSE SUGGESTION THE INDIAN PART WAS WRITTEN
FOR THE INFORMATION OF OUR CHILDREN, THESE REMINISCENCES ARE
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

PREFACE.

In these Memories of Bygone Days, I have tried to picture the scenes we have passed through for the instruction and amusement of our children, and to eliminate anything that might cause pain to anyone. Whoever has endeavoured to recall the past, will realise how difficult it is to do, especially fleeting impressions that flash across you as something is related at table, which by the time pencil and paper are produced, have been dissipated by change of conversation. [Without the letters] I owe much valuable assistance to the surviving comrades of earlier days, Generals Godman and Elliot[t], Colonels Swinfen and Sandeman, and in later times to Lord Ralph Kerr, Colonel Fisher-Childe, the Hon. J [Arnold] Napier and Major Wilson, who have refreshed my memory on many occasions.

It has been my endeavour to put in readable form what has not only interested me in life, but what seems worth remembering, so that our children may learn to take the same interest in the world around as we have. Many things may not strike you at the time, but long after they are recalled as worth remembering.

I have also tried, to record impressions with something of the temperament of historian, artist and archaeologist; ruins are otherwise but bare walls, to appreciate then we must know who built them and with what purpose, and strive to throw ourselves back into the circumstances in which they passed their earthly lives, knowing that all things tend towards the ultimate purposes of the Creator, with whom is no time.

*Thou who stealest fire,
From fountains of the Past!
To glorify the present; haste!
Visit my low desire!
Strengthen me, enlighten me!
I faint in this obscurity,
Thou dewy dawn of Memory.*

Traditionally, both here and in America, we are descended from a Huguenot refugee (Temp. Eliz.) Catell, but there were Kings of Powis of this name, A.D. 808, (Annal. Cambria Mon. Hist. Brit.); and there are forms De Catello and Catal - when that was dropt I have not been able to trace. With a bent for Natural Science, as a boy, I was fond of Chemistry and interested in the young Geology; we formed a Museum, not only of bird's nests, but fossils, minerals and rock. A laboratory with electrical and galvanic apparatus absorbed what pocket money was not spent on old Classics and modern aids to knowledge, such as serials of Chambers and Knight. Till on the 5th November a chum of my brother's accompanied us home for a holiday, and brought some firework cases to refill. Unfortunately, we allowed him, keenly anxious to assist, to take a turn at the mortar, in which Potass Chlorate and Sulphur were being pounded, whilst I made Nitrogen Biniodide and put it in the window to dry; then came an explosion, the room was filled with dust and smoke and out of the darkness came a piercing cry; when we could make him out, our comrade's hands were clasped on his knees and his eyes blinded with powder; he had neglected - as was discovered - to keep the materials damp, but happily was not seriously injured, though afterwards obliged to wear glasses, and he spent his days in the War Office. The room was padlocked afterwards, but the passage and store-rooms adjoining, were dreaded. Pistol shots would startle you when some object was disturbed, for pellets of Biniodide had been blown for some distance. The room was not reopened for years, when we found only a small portion had exploded, fortunately for us all, and had blown some of the amalgamated ponder into the room.

After two years apprenticeship, I entered [KCL] and with my brother passed the matric into London University in 1850 passing with Honors in Chemistry, which had always been one of my favourite pastimes, in June 1851. Having passed out of the College of Surgeons and working for the M*B*, I was about to join my old Master in partnership.

Whilst working for the M.B. London at King's College, an old chum (Hulke) told me he had been offered an Assistant-Surgeancy in the Guards, which he could not accept, and advised me to offer myself. It meant, he said, a six months tour to Malta, and it would be better for me than starting at once in London, and my partnership could wait. I had only to call at the Army Medical Office and volunteer, which I did, and put my name down for an interview. My reception was not cordial. The D.G., a Scotchman, in indifferent health and careworn, with his hand on his liver, asked and curtly demanded - And who are you to think we need your services? Till this moment I was not particularly keen on a plunge the consequences of which I had scarce had time to think out, and which would dislocate all my arrangements, nor did I know that a nomination was necessary. But, coming home much hurt, I could not conceal my discomfiture, and my people communicated with Mrs. Sidney Herbert, the wife of the War Minister, who next morning herself went to see the potentate and I was summoned for examination. There were some thirty groups of questions. At 1 o'clock, Pilleau, who superintended, came and watched me for a moment, then left the room; and when I came home after 5, I was astonished to hear that Mrs. Herbert soon after 1 o'clock had brought news of my having passed. We were ordered to Chatham, and my collection of books had to be sent away in sacks. At Fort Pitt, the principal Medical Officer inspected us and found fault with B.C.R. sat next to me, for not being shaven; I turned to look, but could discover only a few light hairs on his underlip.

The Mess was very dreary, the President seldom spoke, even to the Seniors around him; and amongst ourselves conversation was not tolerated. Decanters were ringed that you might know when the Regent's allowance of wine was exhausted, and we took the earliest opportunity to retire and converse.

I was gazetted to 23rd Fusiliers, intimation of which came earlier, through the tailors and, as the Fusiliers were on point of embarkation, I had to make frequent visits to London to hurry on my equipment. One morning, I suddenly lost my voice, whilst we were being inspected, and the P.M.O. when he addressed me, finding I was unable to reply, ordered me to go to my quarters, sick. Matters were so urgent that feeling otherwise well, I two days later went up about my uniform, and returned by an early train to avoid any chance of a chill. In the compartment opposite to me, who should seat himself but the P.M.O., who however evinced no recognition. Next morning I resumed duty in the General Hospital. The Orderlies said that the P.M.O. was going round with his temper more than usually ruffled, for everything was wrong. Presently I was sent for, and he sternly intimated the dire penalties incurred through having left my quarters, whilst on the sick list. After an ominous pause he added, but here is your appointment to the 23rd Fusiliers.

My friend Mrs. Herbert, who preferred cavalry for she said I would be safer on a horse, interviewed the D.G. and asking what cavalry vacancies there were, she chose the V.D.Gds. On transfer, I joined at Ballincollig, and at the Imperial Hotel, Cork, met some brother Officers, who noticing my baggage, found me out in my loneliness, with a warm welcome, and insisted on my coming out early for breakfast, where trout was a favourite dish, perhaps because rare in England, here it was always to be had - piled up in crossed pairs.

Each Officer carried with him the equipment for his room, the Government furniture for which consisted in a square oak table and two Windsor chairs, fireirons and fender, and a coalscuttle. On the mantel, covered with a fringed cloth, stands the spur rack, sometimes with a highly ornamented gilt pair, not meant for use; on one wall a whip rack. Sporting pictures in crude colours later became the usual art decorations, specially of 'the fast Cornet'. The round or oval lid of the bath tub, formed, with a mahogany tripod, a small table; the chest of drawers, brassbound, with escrtoire in the centre, was enclosed in two cases with mahogany doors, which, with shelves, formed cupboards for clothing while the outer covers were mounted as side tables. The armchair's case made a dressing-table with cupboards; the bed case could be covered as an ottoman, and other boxes utilised in the same way. All chairs were encased in leather or cloth covers for comfort and appearance; these on festive occasions in the Mess were occasionally unstrapped and utilised as missiles. Everything was plain, but strong and portable, and it was homely to be surrounded by objects familiar and your own, not only in your rooms, but also in the Mess.

The keen professional soldier of to-day can scarcely realise the easy life of those days, when commissions were purchased and the army was considered, especially in the cavalry, as a pleasant means of passing a few years before marriage, or the inheritance of a family estate, necessitated the taking of existence seriously. Once dismissed his drills, professional subjects were banished and sport and amusement paramount.

One night a subaltern in glancing over orders made some criticisms on one of the promotions, and was promptly called to order; for the C.O. happened to be at Mess. But all allusion to daily routine, or in fact to military subjects was tabooed as "shop". Scarcely anyone thought of the Service as a career, or as worthy of studying. We had three parades a week, Adjutant's and C.O.'s mounted drill, and the Church which answered also as a foot parade.

A Cavalry regiment at home had, besides a Riding master, a Paymaster, a Vet, and two Medical Officers, (Surgeon and Assistant) all - except the Riding master - only distinguished from the other Officers by wearing the Staff cocked-hat in full dress: an integral part of the regiment. In India, as the strength was augmented, a second Assistant Surgeon was appointed.

Each regiment had its Hospital, and medicine chest, and the sick were attended by men of the regiment (orderlies) under the Hospital Sergeant, who passed as a Compounder, and drew an

extra shilling a day. The duties of all were laid down in the Standing Orders of the regiment, and the Commanding Officer was supreme. Only those Medical Officers not in regiments were Staff, under direct control of the Administrative Officer (P.M.O.) of the district, and they served the general Hospitals.

The V.D. Guards had served in Ireland from 1841 to 1843; and this time since 1850. The Officers were Lt. Col. Thos. Le Marchant, not joined, Major R.J. Thompson; Capts. Geo. Duckworth, Adolphus W. D. Burton, Geo. K. Sidebottom (for Depot), W. R. Campbell, W. Inglis; Lts. C. A. D. Halford, Fred. H. Swinfen, A. J. H. Elliot (A.D.C, to Scarlett late Adj.), Hen. H. McNeile, Geo. S. Burnand, R. T. Godman (Adj.); Cornets R. J. Montgomery, Hon. Grey Neville, J. Stephenson Ferguson, Rich. D. B. Bolton (for Depot), T. Lewis Hampton, and H. H. Hay: Paymaster E. V. Mackinnon, Surg. G. K. Pitcairn, V.S. Geo. Fisher, and Q.M. Geo. W. Bewley. My predecessor had, it appears, been keen on midwifery, so the Surgeon asked if my penchant was similar: then told me he did not want me at the Hospital, and I could devote myself to drill. So morning in the Manage, afternoon sword exercise and foot drill in the Square, and pistol practice against a high wall in one of the Officer's gardens next the Church, filled up the day. There was a notable old soldier as Orderly, old Tagg, who could concoct a potion - on the rare occasion - or conduct an autopsy, and in fact was factotum.

On the first night the Band played in my honour, and when the Bandmaster, as usual, asked whether any extra pieces were required (the music at hand was on the back of the programme), the President referred to me, and of course I was prompted to ask for one. The Bandmaster, as usual, drank his glass of port, and afterwards I found that I had regaled the Band.

On the second night I was taken out to dinner to a house on the hill-side over the river, where every new-comer was expected to appear in uniform, and Inglis would take me in his brougham. At his quarters my spurs were replaced by the largest ornamented pair in his rack, (invariable centrepiece on the mantelpiece) and I was enveloped in my cloak in the carriage till the others jumped in and we drove off. In the hall I found my companions in plain clothes. "First time, you must appear in uniform" scarcely satisfied me, and though most cordially welcomed with Irish hospitality I saw I was not expected; but the others were evidently quite at home. The daughters came in, each taller than the other, and promptly paired off, disappearing behind the curtains, while I was left with mine host on the hearthrug to talk Agriculture, which I only knew from Liebig. After dinner, I found myself seated next to Inglis, with presently an empty bottle of port of rare brand, halting in front. Our host asked me if I liked the wine, - which in those days I did not drink - and Inglis pinched me under the table to say "Yes", which I did. "Would you like another bottle?" Again prompted to say "Yes", it was brought; though a second was unprecedented. We returned to lunch next day, and I frequently formed one of the party to Prospect, where the hospitality was unbounded.

The new Cornet, "Cockie", and myself were at once sent to drill and riding-school; altogether it seemed a strange world. The polished leather facings of new overalls were an impediment to movement, it was difficult even to ascend the steps in front of our quarters from the Manage, much more to get a grip of new saddlery; no wonder then that when "Trot" came from the Sergeant, I fell into the tan. My comrade also took lessons in the "noble art of self defence", from the Black Professor, a nigger come out from Cork, and I would be awakened and challenged to get up and defend myself, just for his practice.

Something suggested that a password was necessary, and when I enquired what it was for that evening, someone replied "Salamanca", and next night the name of a similar Peninsula battle, but soon from the hesitation in answering, I grew suspicious, and shortly after on my way home, three Officers in cloaks appeared from behind the end of a long shed, and demanding the

countersign, one immediately fired in my face and they retreated. The flash revealed his face as his cloak was momentarily thrown back; returning to the loo party I waited fruitlessly for the return of my assailants.

One morning at a pause "Make much of your horses", two of my brother Officers, one on either side, led my horse at a gallop at one of the outer fences, and at the last moment, lashed him over, he and I alone, for I landed all right in the other field.

After dinner a covered table was laid out for cards, in the mess-room, for there was no ante-room. A waiter brought a trayful of notes in bundles for distribution, they were only one pound notes, and Loo went on into the small hours. I, who only watched, remember how often a player was caught napping, and looted for having prematurely touched his cards.

A troop of R. A's were with us, and their mess-house was next to ours: and in the village were a few civilians connected with the Powder factory below us on the river. One night "Patrick's Day" occurred in the Band Programme, and the exciting tune brought the men from their beds, down into the square, singing and dancing in wild excitement, for the regiment had been some time in the country and many Irish had enlisted.

A raw countryman lately walked over the mountains from the West to enlist, because he claimed some distant relationship with de Lacy Evans, who he had heard was going out in command, and would not forget him; and whose disbanded legionnaires in the Spanish war I remember in boyish days, begging in tattered yellow-faced uniform from door to door. But he was much put out when he found himself at the goosetep as the regiment left for embarkation. The Surgeon, a Scotchman, generally appeared in the Mess with some joke. One morning he announced that the Dogger Bank was broke. Tom at once sprang from his breakfast, "I'll go and wire to my father to take his money out."

The Riding-master, to whose mercies I was handed over, was a veteran of the 10th Royal Hussars who had won his commission. The Corporal, however, who afterwards married his daughter and succeeded him after the campaign, was our immediate instructor. For amusement we dined at the Club in Cork, and went to the theatre, where we were welcomed behind the scenes; whilst there, on one occasion, a fire broke out, but fortunately with more excitement than damage. Preparations for the trip to Malta, and possible campaign, caused a constant coming and going of Officers. The Colonel, now a Brigadier, had gone, and the Major exchanged with a stranger who did not join till the last minute; there was not time for the ordinary barrack life; some, however, would drive into Cork to the Club and go to the theatre, others were dining out in the neighbourhood, and generally some of the R.H.A., who would stroll across for the invariable Loo; and some of the neighbouring civilians would be invited.

Then the Senior Captain came back from leave, and the first opportunity of absence was availed of to make hay in his quarters and empty his drawers into the ready filled bath. He had exchanged from Infantry, and moreover had a slight hesitation in speech, which made him interlard his sentences with "D'ye see don'tcher know". But he was good tempered and very good natured, and so escaped rougher treatment.

Inglis had fitted up a spare room with a lathe, in which he gave me instructions, which occasioned many breakages before getting into the way of handling the tools. After dinner, the "Regimental" ushered in the troop Sergeant, who handed round the Order-books to their respective Officers, and meanwhile he went up to the President, was asked to take a glass of wine, and invariably said Port. In those days beer was not present on the table at dinner, and if taken with cheese, the glass had to be emptied and replaced on the tray: nor was a pipe tolerated in the Mess.

In May, Montgomery took me for an excursion to Killarney through Macroom and Glengariffe: we stayed at the Lake Hotel where Capt. Morton alternately amused and alarmed the visitors by joining any collection of people at the waterside, with his device for blowing up a vessel. When we heard that his room was a magazine of explosives, we were not so comfortable. At Tore Waterfall, memorial of the days when wild boar (*Tore fiadhain*) was abundant in the land, we were initiated in the mysteries of native whiskey. In our excursion round the lakes, at Ross, we were told of some night orgies lately indulged in here, by a party of University men from England, some of them sons of a celebrated Bishop, in which clothing and morals were discarded, and the Irish shocked. Returning over the mountains to Macroom, we found Side - , come out for some fishing: after dinner he played Irish airs on the piano, and as the window was open, a sympathetic crowd collected on the green; coppers were heated and scattered among them when a general scramble ensued. Then the old white horse was brought out, and we left S. to pacify his audience.

As the time to leave approached, Side gave a recherche luncheon, which, - coming so soon after breakfast - was an unavoidable trial of digestion, rather than an ostentatious display; with early strawberries and other luxuries from London. Then when, shortly after, Joey returned and complained that Side should have waited for him: "Give another," said Side, & he did. Lady Catherine Balders, wife of the late Major, presented each of us with a silk needle-case, which proved to be most useful and mine was preserved for many years.

Le Marchant joined as Lt.Col. from H.P. 7th Dn. Guards, just before we embarked, and did not make a favourable impression. On parade he hoped we should conduct ourselves well, and give him no cause for complaint, otherwise he would come down on us with a heavy hand, and he ended with a significant, "So look out!" (*a*) *Frank's Leaves from Soldiers' Notebook*, p 28. In our last week relatives came for farewells; and during the last three nights there were large dinners at the Imperial Hotel. Then in early morning we rode down to Queenstown, through the city and along the river, where the road is most picturesque and remarkable for its noble gateways; but I can recall no mental picture of the march till we reached Queenstown, where the windows were all occupied and the streets filled.

Many years after along this picturesque road, it has struck me how strange that it made no lasting impression, and that the only mental picture I have of Cork is the well-groomed figure of Neville in blue frock and button hole, gazing sadly down the river from the steps of the Club, where now the Parnell Bridge blocks and disfigures the scene.

The Contractor had made a bet that we should ride on board the *Himalaya*, from Admiralty Pier, but to satisfy him, only the leading troop was allowed to pass along the gallery he had erected to the ship and the rest led their horses. Three women per troop went out as washerwomen. The houses were gay with bunting and everywhere crowds of spectators thronged our passage, to witness the novel scene.

Soon after we had embarked (Satdy. 27th May [1854]), a man fell down the hatchway, and, with broken ribs, was sent to the Hospital, from whose windows as we steamed out on Sunday, red handkerchiefs were waving. Many relatives and friends came on board, and among them the family from Prospect. Inglis said he was too busy, and deputed me to show them round, and the girls were specially interested in the stabling accommodation. One afterwards went to America and became a horse trainer.

We were on board for Malta. :	Officers	Men	Women	Total
	24	160	20	180

On board were some Admiralty experts, to decide whether the Queen's new yacht should be

paddle, or, like our transport, the P. & O. *Himalaya*, screw. Gaily we glided into the Mediterranean, and admiring its phosphorescence with occasional glimpses when some glimpse of shore appeared, after 7 days and 22 hours we, on 5th of June, reached Malta. Here there were two French ships, with a large contingent of troops on board, in harbour, and there were hearty cheers from both sides. Whilst coaling took place we visited St. John's Church and the Capuchin Cloisters, where we saw at one end of a corridor of fixed up skeletons, the place where a body had recently been encased in the fresh wall, preparatory to being, when dessicated, wired up in a niche with the others.

Immediately after the Opera we went on board and started for Scutari; for contrary to expectation, Russia, seeing us determined, had not made peace. A party of senior N.C.O's had also gone ashore having first been warned by the new C.O., "If any of you return drunk, or bring liquor on board, I will break you." Remarks they thought as ungenerous as they were uncalled for. Half the men were supposed to be on guard each night, the remainder stowed themselves away in various places. The next night was unnaturally quiet save when some horse gave an audible neigh or stamp of his hoof, in resentment at his limited space and cramped position. A keg of whiskey belonging to V.S. Fisher had disappeared from the hold and about midnight the C.O. ordered all berths to be searched. A small quantity of brandy was found in a T.S.M's berth: he was tried by Court Martial and denied having brought the brandy on board, which the Pay Sergeant, Ellison, in the next berth, admitted to have done for him; so he was acquitted. At a parade on the quarter-deck, the C.O. seemed to have lost all control over himself, and told the Court that they ought in duty to have found the prisoner "guilty, as he undoubtedly was", and that they were unfit for their position. At the entrance to the Dardanelles we anchored for the night; next day passed Gallipoli with its vast canvas camp.

[Out of context] The Emperor Cantacuzenos formed a disgraceful alliance with Orkhan, Sultan of Broussa, sending his own daughter into the Sultan's harem, and allowing Turkish soldiers to earn;- off Greeks as slaves; it was this Sultan who founded the Jounissaries, recruited from the pick of Christian youth afterwards paraded periodically for selection. Orkhan's son, and Prince Sulieman, crossed over with a few comrades on a raft, and surprised Gallipolis, 'beautiful city', and next day introduced troops who siezed the neighbouring villages. A fatal fall from his horse, out hunting, ended his career and hastened his death.

Now entering the Bosphorus, we begin to realise the situation. On our left is pointed out the ruined tower of Mermare Kali, where offending ladies of the Sultan's harem were bowstrung and flung into the sea. We had been 13 days on board and through good care had been fortunate in not losing one horse.

At Scutari, our Colonel, now Brigadier, came on board and was heartily welcomed, the men crowding round the gangway cheering; resuming their wonted spirits, for a depression had set in after the Malta incident. During the day we visited the Lt. Brigade camp at Scutari, and rowed over to see something of the beautiful city; trying to use our Turkish, out of a conversation manual, by questioning the Caigis who could not, or would not, understand, but who proved to be Greeks. Before leaving home our uniform was supplemented by shoulder scales like the Life Guards, but we took our box epaulettes also: these were now stored at Hansen's Bank.

On the 13th we left for Varna, up through a narrow gorge about a mile in breadth, in which the waters of the Black Sea gush along in a flood to expand below into the Sea of Marmora. The hills on either shore strike abruptly upward; on both sides are quays which extend for some 5 miles along the European shore, from Tophaneh gun wharf to Buyukdere. Large Imperial palaces, and many residences of great pashas are thickly studded along the hillside; at Therapia red-roofed wooden houses with picturesque projecting eaves are clustered in a large suburb, and opposite on

the Asian side stretches a fine valley. At Buyukdere are Ambassadorial residences and in the bay splendid barges, amongst them the Sultan's; and beyond is another large suburb.

Half-way are two famous castles, the Asian, Anatoli Hissar, flanked by small but lofty round turrets, long the Turkish defence of this coast, and opposite, Roumeli Hissar, said to have been built by Muhammed II, on ground that a bullock's hide could contain; a story borrowed from Carthage. In between shores indented with pleasant bays, undulating ravines and wooded promontories, the mouth narrowed to half a mile. On the right a lofty tower and some ruins, above which a square tower and quadrangle on summit of rocks with battlemented causeways, flanked at intervals by round towers, stretch from S.E. to S.W. and include minor defences almost to the shore.

Roused early we saw Emineh's point - a superb cape of porphyry rock - and anchored in Varna bay, between H.M.S. *Bellerophon* (Billy Ruffian as it was called) and the Southern shore, on the evening of the 12th, after 11 days and 19 hours under steam; 3360 miles and 14 days out, the quickest passage yet made. The transport still belonged to P. and O., although purchased by Government, and there was a large cellar of wine on board, which was therefore liberally dispensed. Being a large vessel we had to anchor some distance from shore, and the horses were slung down into flat-bottomed barges, an operation which delighted the sailors, twelve of whom rowed each boat to shore. Encamped on the beach, we put on white helmet covers, and for two days were busy unloading baggage. Three hundred and twenty-three men and three hundred and twenty horses were landed.

(The *Bellerophon*, Captain Lord G. Paulet, whose boats landed us, had seen distinguished service at St. Jean D'Acre (3rd Nov. 1840) and later, on 17th October 1854, she, for a very smart piece of action, was awarded the "Well done *Bellerophon*" by Admiral Lyons.)

On the sand, the horses delighted at feeling free and on land again, pulled up their picket pegs and scampered away on the loose, so stray stakes had to be driven down. The medicine-chest was ordered into store at Varna, being considered a useless encumbrance in the field, as were also our shoulder scales, new and unused, in which, any more than the epaulettes they were replaced, we could not lie down. The medicine was not again seen for many months, and there were no field panniers to take its place; fortunately a small chest formed part of several Officers' kit.

Next morning (Wednesday) we marched four miles through the outskirts of the town, and encamped some two miles from Varna on the Schumla road, upon elevated ground just above Devna Lake, where a large camp is being formed. Varna was the ancient Milesian colony of Odessus in Moesia Inferior; near it in 1444 was the battle in which Murad II slew Ladislaus of Hungary, and routed his army under John Hunyadi. Besieged by the Russians in 1828 for two months and betrayed by a Turk, in the following year the Russians defeated the Turks at Pravadi 28 miles S.E. of Schumla.

The town is becoming French, all the best buildings are occupied by them, and the tricolor waves from a tall flagstaff over streets newly named "*Rue du Quartier General*", "*Des Postes*" &c, and there is also a clean-looking restaurant, "*De L'Armee Orient*", newly painted. We immediately provided ourselves with ponies, sturdy and strong, and some of which proved fast.

We had landed with two days rations, and for a time neither bread nor fresh meat were issued. The day before leaving for Devno was devoted to loading Arabas with baggage, and training our newly purchased baggage ponies. As the rations did not turn up for the morning issue, the Quarter-Master rode into Varna for them. Meanwhile there was some grumbling - young healthy men loading baggage since daybreak, without breakfast was annoying. At mid-day a fine-

built Irishman usually called Johnny, fond of a frolic, and likewise of a drop of the cratur, but not a bad soldier, wandered over to a French battery a hundred yards away, and though unable to speak their language was warmly received, entertained to a good luncheon and plentiful accompaniment of brandy. In consequence he came staggering back, past the C.O.'s tent singing, "There's a good time coming boys, only wait a little longer". The Lt.Col. came out. "Hello there! What the devil do you mean by making that noise?" "Shut up!" "I won't! I'll sing as much as I like". "Silence! or I'll have you flogged!" "Yes, you will flog us but you can't get us any grub, sneaking in your tent. Why don't you bring us our rations?".

When the CO. did find voice, Johnny was sent to the Guard room and handcuffed, and was so violent that his legs had to be tied. He was court-martialed at Devno, and sentenced to 25 lashes - for which leniency the C.O. rebuked the Court. "I am disgusted, and won't trouble to tie you up; many a schoolboy gets more than that - Go to your duty!"

On 21st we marched to Devno, through the British camp about a mile from the town, on a plain covered with scrub and beyond flat meadowland that swept westward for some three miles, passing through a succession of fine landscapes, outlined by hills waving above the scrub. On our left the lake, some three miles long, varying from 100 yards to 3 miles in breadth, into whose marshes full of rush and frogs the Pravadi river empties - its waters full of animalcule and its borders of enormous leeches. Lines of storks fly overhead, and ashore vultures are on the look-out, ominous of a valley known to natives as that of Death. But of this which concerned the sanitary authorities we were then blissfully ignorant. On this march some prisoners were strapped, one to a forge cart, and another to a trooper's stirrup, dragged along in the hot sun through a road made dusty by the horses, a spectacle and distressing.

Devno is a large plain communicating on N.W. with Kottabie and another valley by two passes, through which the road winds to Schumla, Rutchuk and Pravadi, becoming on S.E. marshy, covered with huge reeds and rushes, and other paludal growth (which edges the lake) where the water, after bathing the mountain sides from Varna overflowed a portion of the valley. From the alluvial soil of the plain the lake would appear at no remote period to have covered its whole extent, and from the deep fissures existing over the ground and the character of the vegetation, it is probably very marshy in rainy seasons. Beyond an occasional thunderstorm, however, we had little rain.

Through the long axis of the valley, from N.W., runs the Pravadi river, a few yards wide, with definite banks along centre; spreading out slightly above, and more below with undefined margin, as it loses itself in the reedy marshes, 3 miles below the village, at head of Lasse. Somewhat above the middle of its course is the village, more than a mile from us, a khan, stone bridge, and a few houses, with some corn mills, scattered at short distances along the streams above and below; hovels built of loose stones and mud, and thatched with rushes or straw. Nearly opposite the bridge stand the remains of a Russian earthwork, in which tradition says numerous bodies lie buried, but rumour assigns them a tomb in every Bulgarian place we visited.

"The country round seems rich and productive, a sandy basin 2 miles in diameter, enclosed with hills of irregular elevation. Between village and lake, and ascending from southern bank of river, rises an elevated tract along Rutchuk road, on which the Lt Cavalry Division encamped, moved later from Alaydin when attacked by cholera. All around were towering little hills covered with scrub, oak, ash, and hazel, and a very plentiful prickly acacia, like [acacia-like?] beech (no acacia so far north) which extended into the valley and lay in patches of golden blossom, among fields of ripening corn varying in height from 1 to 10 feet, and proving a barrier impassable, save where some frequented track had penetrated." [Annual Report]

Devno was condemned as a camping site by Dr. Hall the P.M.O. sent by Lord Raglan, but

his report was ignored by Sir Geo. Brown, who admired the beauty of its scenery, and had to vacate it on account of cholera. But when it was determined from military necessity to occupy the site, no sanitary precautions were taken. The medical officers' duty was to tend the sick, not to attempt to prevent sickness.

There were several excellent springs, with masonry fountains, and when we arrived the river water was good, but the proximity of troops did not allow this to continue, and no preservation was attempted. It was here to-day and gone tomorrow, and we went to the grave. Horses being watered at the fountains which should have been reserved for other use, kept a puddle around; expostulation with thirsty men in a blazing sun already suffering from diarrhoea was useless, they would eagerly lap up water from the puddle at their feet. There is nothing so maddening as thirst, not even hunger, as those shipwrecked who escape in boats have told. The latrine was a deep trench, partly sheltered by the thrown-up earth, surmounted by a screen of brushwood whose bough formed the seat. Fortunately, when Joey fainted there in the cholera time, (he was debilitated from diarrhea) he leaned forward, or he would have been smothered in the ordure. Mosaic sanitation or use of dry-earth was unknown, and the pit was a hot-bed of flies innumerable, who spent their days between ordure of all kinds, and our food, and swarmed into our tents at night, from horse lines and latrines, and formed a dense black cone round the top of the pole: burning paper destroyed numbers, but there were always sufficient at sunrise to make life unbearable until the tent was opened; and they particularly affected the eyelids. Inspection of the latrines shows that diarrhoea is very prevalent, due according to some, to injudicious use of fruit specially "killjohn" apricots, which I enjoy: but more probably to deficiency of vegetable food.

In the river men washed clothes and bathed, and to add to the mischief, the commissariat camp was placed on its bank, above the other camps, and butchers found it a convenient offshoot for offal. Yet it still formed the chief supply for cooking for the Infantry camp and, what was of far more consequence, it was also eagerly drunk by men whose thirst became excessive under the unaccustomed powerful sun. In vain, doubtless in many cases, was warning given to avoid such practice, but the principal evil consisted in not providing water troughs and tubs; reservoirs might also have been dug out for the former and others for ablutions.

One of our first attempts at Turkish was the salutation, 'Tro si jack', for the sun was very hot. Temperature in tents was 110-115 degrees; excessive dew fell at nights penetrating the canvas and making everything within damp, in which state our clothing had to be put on every morning. Tartars of small stature, quiet and spiritless, and inoffensive from long oppression, are coarsely clad, usually in brown vests and loose pants, with ample folded girdle and close-fitting sheepskin cap; crania very small with low frontal development, and flat physiognomy, beard and face shaven, I fancy to be distinguished readily from the Mussalman caste. The abject Tartar is too pitiable, result of tyranny and ignorance; compared with him the highborn Turk with his dignified attitude, seems a prince. Some of the women are, however, very comely, and I have seen in the villages several whose features were regular and fine, their blue eyes and faces lit up with intelligence. Everywhere that Turk is distinguished by his fez, protected outside, if necessary, by the turban; in performing the namaz, his forehead has to touch the ground; a brimless hat is therefore most convenient.

It is remarkable that Orientals all wear an ample girdle, and protect the head with folds of turban, a woollen cap or padded fez, to shield it from the oppressive rays of the sun. In all cases they keep the abdominal region well protected. Most English and many French officers imitated this custom with great comfort and made a turban with ends drooping over the upper spine, and wore cholera belts which, however, were misplaced under the clothing and could not be removed. On the 2nd July the Light Division succeeded by Guards arrived from Alaydyn, and encamped on higher ground sloping up from opposite bank of river, and on the 19th the Royals came next to us;

the Light Brigade, 8th, 13th, and the 17th Lancers, at the same time occupied the elevated slope on Rutschuk road, some distance N.W. A regiment of Turkish Lancers was divided, one wing encamping on right of Light Brigade and the other on our left: as I had to look after the Commissariat followers these Lancers were also put in my medical charge, and some Turkish became useful.

We had to live in troop messes and erected shelters - here called Zemliks - for which purpose I was sent up the mountain to cut wood; among our party Johnson came forward and became most useful. He was one of a batch of volunteers from the 7th Dn. Guards attached to us for recruiting, who on being entrained in Dublin took off their forage caps (peculiarly made without stiffening, like old night-caps) and waved them out of the carriage windows, cheering lustily for their new regiment, the V. Dn. Guards. The Officers who had not left the platform, felt aggrieved, and, too late to stop the train, reported the insubordination. But Scarlett, recognising the splendid physique of the men, who preferred active service, made their peace. Johnson had been put in orders as Lance Corporal, but respectfully declined to be responsible for anyone but himself: long after I learnt his romance.

Not only was the customary routine of duties varied irregularly by the new C.O., but crimes, as previously noticed, were punished with severity, because committed in the field. It was painful to see men handcuffed and strapped to the stirrup alongside a mounted man, specially at the trot, as occurred on the last march. Floggings were frequent; the man was stripped to the waist, and lashed to a triangle to receive the counted lash after lash from trumpeter and farrier alternately, to note the wheals crossing each other till at last the back was scored with purple bleeding bands; degrading as a spectacle, and only justifiable in the last resort with a brute.

On one occasion a culprit was sent to be flogged from another regiment, and when the proceedings were read out, I remarked the absence of a medical certificate, and the man was unstrapped, not less to his relief than ours, and I think the ordeal of terror was beneficial, without the degradation. [A guardsman in 1771 was nearly flogged to death for foolishly saying that there was no more encouragement for good soldiers than bad, and in the absence of the surgeon, so savagely that he died raving mad in the Savoy Hospital. Austin Dobson.]

Many articles were soon wanted from Varna, especially coin, and I was sent down, for the Surgeon required no professional assistance: whoever was sick had a dose of jalap and calomel, which cured, or taught him better than to come sick again. Neville, with whom I had become friendly, more scholar than soldier, offered to accompany me. On our way we halted halfway at Alladyn (Allah-din) where the Light Division and Rifles were encamped, to see some friends, Cole, Reade, Stanley, etc.

The place is beautifully wooded, from its plateau the scenery is parklike, rich meadows stretch out for miles above which the heights are clothed with dense forests. Around are masses of wild vine and clematis tangling the varied coloured bush; but the neighbourhood is reported to be a hotbed of dysentery and fever.

Passing through the French lines, we were hospitably intercepted, and only escaped by promising to pay them a visit on our return later; fervently hoping to get through unnoticed, for in their tongue neither of us was eloquent. But in the evening, as we were passing through laden with live Tahook (fowls) slung by the leg, coils of rope and other necessities, our pockets filled with roulettes of 20 piastre pieces, as luck would have it, some fowls wriggled themselves loose, and escaped with a cackling chorus of triumph at their freedom, from a position as uncomfortable as it must have been novel. Out rushed Chasseurs in chase of so unexpected an addition to the pot au feu; whilst we were warmly seized by our friends of the morning, and soon found ourselves packed

inside a tent d'abri, with the French officers. Half suffocated, we drank absinthe with seeming pleasure, and let them do the talking; for our allies made themselves very pleasant. At length, urged by the evening shadows, we escaped a second glass and rode away.

It was bright moonlight, as we trotted along the pretty sandy road by the Lake, half-hidden by scrub and reeds, till suddenly our animals shied at the carcase of a grey pony lying by the roadside, and bolted; some rouleaus burst and scattering piastres glittered right and left. We returned and managed to pick up several, and others were recovered by a search party early next morning. There are some fish in the Lake, perch, carp and bream are said to have been caught, but we had no tackle. Also there are village dogs, wild and shaggy curs who do not understand the game. Dog-hunting has, however, become popular as our only available sport; roused from his lair he makes a good pace for the hills, and should he retreat to a village we find ourselves checked amid gesticulations of the filthy inhabitants, and he succeeds in getting away. This sport palled after a time, but not before the authorities had set their faces against it. In camp, the Marmot - shyly inquisitive - sits up outside his burrow, watching the unwonted bustle; a grey ground-squirrel (*Arctomys marmuta*), a very graceful little creature, but not so pretty as his cousin who runs up the trees at home.

On 3rd of July, Omar Pasha passed through in a carriage to Varna, and halted to review the troops in the afternoon. Our horses and the R.H.A. were out watering, but some of the 8th Hussars and 17th Lancers were there. He returned on Thursday; mounted on a led charger and followed by a pipebearer, A.D.C. and company, dressed in frock coat close-fitting with plain gold shoulder-straps and distinguished only by a star on his breast, he was struck by the stature of our men and minutely examined one of our helmets, and asked if they were comfortable.

A horde of Bashi-Bazouks, some three thousand, have camped near us & are under my medical charge; their chief occupation seems to be the kidnapping of Bulgarian children for ransom; one case was reported & the ruffians chased into a wood so dense that they managed to escape. Beatson a Native Infantry Officer has arrived from India with Mr Fox as A D C - Now Yusuf Bey - who has had some experience in this way in Algeria. The staff are all in gorgeous uniform. They are on their way to Schumla where they hope to turn these riffraff into Soldiers.

We were not slow in our appreciation of these irregulars for when Panmure urged their being sent to Eupatoria, Simpson replied "it would be considered a disgrace to us to have such ruffians in our pay; and I can only protest against having anything to do with them." "Marauders setting all order and discipline at defiance, Beatson will be an independent leader so long as his band will abstain from murdering him" [Panmure papers.]

Then late in July cholera came; not a novelty, for I had attended cases of it in London years ago. Appearing on a French transport from Marseilles, it came with their troops into Bulgaria and reached ours later: it appeared at Devno almost as soon as we heard of it at Varna; and it came to stay.

A sirocco wind was for past few days blowing up the lake from Varna and cholera broke out in the 7th Regt. (nearest to lake); there were a few cases on Thursday July 20th, and on Sunday several stricken men fell out on church parade. It is spreading along the line of Light Division, some dying within less than 24 hours; the pest is popularly attributed to the indulgence in "kill-johns" (apricots) and red Tenedos wine, which our Surgeon specially condemns, though several of us - myself included - regularly drank and enjoyed it, as an agreeable change from the charcoal coffee, water being impossible. The flabby meat ration was increased to allow for bone, but there was no means of providing a wholesome water for drinking; meantime the general Hospital at Varna is full, and all cases must now be treated in the field.

On 24th afternoon, one of our men fell ill immediately after bathing in the river, having suffered from diarrhoea for the previous 12, and died in 15 hours. From the state of the latrines, diarrhoea was evidently very common. Harassed and worried by constant work from 4 a.m. to 8 p.m. under a sun hotter than they were used to; they knew no rest, no regular hours of duty, and crimes were heavily punished. Stable duties were in the heat of the day; a new C.O. had substituted irregularity and interference, for the old routine under Scarlett.

The first camp was moved back a short distance to higher ground under the hills, the Royals immediately on our S., and next a wing of Turkish Lancers, but at a greater interval.

On 25th owing to spread of cholera with rapid fatality even in five hours among the Lt Division this was moved over the hills westwards to high ground near Monastir, 8 miles, a beautifully wooded plateau. There had also been significant cases of typhus. Meantime offal is being thrown into the river above our camp and that of the Light Division, but below the Light Cavalry Brigade, Black death, evidently Cholera, is raging at Pravadi. An English Medical Officer of a Turkish regiment has warned me that in approaching autumn this plain of Devno is very unhealthy, since even the natives suffer, and that a form of land scurvy, very intractable, would devastate us.

Cool nights are now accompanied by heavy dews. Natives avoid vicinity of the lake in autumn, as unhealthy. The Turkish Cavalry, whose sick came to me, had cases of fever, remittent and intermittent; the latter most common, and called Sisina Tittera from its cold shake: they did not suffer from cholera.

The Catholic Chaplain, undeterred by cholera, set so noble an example in calmly attending to his duties, whilst others shirked, that a memorial was afterwards erected in his honour at home. At Devno the V.D.G's lost 3 men only, but the locality being considered unhealthy, we were ordered to march on July 28th, towards Shumla, and encamped near the village of Kotlubei. Thus the Cavalry Division was separated: the Light Brigade went 18 miles N.W. to Yeni Bazar, and the Royals, owing to scarcity of water at Kotlubie, to Kara Hussim 4 miles off, and the V.D.Guards over the hill above Devno some 9 miles to near Kotlubie, a village on an extensive plain. As yet the Royals had no cholera, but diarrhoea was very prevalent.

Ascending the pass and trotting, the Colt went off in my left holster, and the ball passed unpleasantly close to my knee. Kotlubie is 9 miles from Pravadi, and some 3 from Kara Hassim; the plain is several miles across, sweeping out from foot of Balkan chain and the pass, and the little valley of Pravadi, gradually rising as it undulates slightly towards N. and marked here and there by a few villages around which clustered the usual herds and orchards, and a few patches of corn. Tufts of arid grass and large tracts of low stunted acacia-like bush spread over the plain, barely relieved here and there by a few trees; but on W. the hillsides are clothed with wood, and as the eye traverses the mountain slopes its crests tower more and more loftily on towards Pravadi, and an eagle might be seen soaring majestically in the air: enclosed orchards and vineyards bore witness of the luxurious climate. On portions of the plain there grew a species of thistle with offensive odour, specially when trodden on and bruised; and near the village, on one side were myriads of insects, boding no welcome, as we disturbed them in passing. Village (a) consisted of a few low cottages, and a Khan, built in a hollow round some wells, and excessively dirty. Near it were two graveyards, one Greek, the other Mussulman; but from the undisturbed appearance of the ground, there seemed no indication of any recent mortality among the few Inhabitants. That of the Mussalmans was extensive, but the villagers were all Christians, for which I could find no satisfactory explanation.

(a) Probably *Picnomon Acarna*, of which Steven in "Botany of Crimea" (where it is found though I did not notice it) says: "'In Tauria Meridionali saepe to-tos agros lapidosos occipat recens foetid".

In our camp, this second site was covered by the offensive thistle, which was therefore cleared away. This ground was near the village and the air often seemed tainted. The second day after arrival dispelled the illusion that we had fled from the sphere of Infection; a case occurred with collapse, and death in 13 hours; now for 5 days (with one death from remittent) we escaped, and we heard that the pest was decreasing at Pravadi and Monastir, but that the Royals were suffering. Our first camp was on left of Shumla road, a little east of village and on 5th we changed ground Westwards close to opposite side of village. The wells are filthy but we have to use them. This water, as in fountains at Devno, is disturbed by being constantly drawn for horses; most of our supply however was from springs (fountains) almost as objectionable.

During the first week in August several fatal cases occurred, and the ground was changed, but without benefit, "for on 12th from 15 to 18 men were attacked, and most of the cases proved fatal. The ground was again changed, but though the disease became less deadly, many more fatal cases occurred, and the men who were able to crawl about the lines were scarcely enough to groom and feed and water the horses.". (a) Records V.D.Guards.

There were few premonitory symptoms now, slight diarrhoea, perhaps unnoticed, then sudden violent spasms with little pain; and collapse. Having no medicine save a little red pepper, I rode over to Monastir, and tried to beg or borrow opium or anything, but the Light Division had scarcely anything to spare, they also were suffering, though encamped on high ground in a beautiful park-like situation. On the 8th a man fell from his horse while watering at the fountain spring, and died of cholera: on the 10th there were 9 deaths, and 25 admissions, and a general feeling of depression settled like a gloom upon the regiment: in the tents the men were reading Bibles, an unusual sight; if seized, they at once gave themselves up for lost; and terror increased receptivity. In the afternoon, as cases were still occurring, the Officer Commanding, in his shirt sleeves, went to the Brigadier, whose camp was at the south end of our lines, and in an excited manner urged that as the ground was full of stinking weed, the camp should be changed: Scarlett, who intended moving, assented, and expected the O/C would make the usual preparations for the morning. He was astonished, therefore, at seeing him rushing off into the lines, flinging his shirt-sleeves wildly and shouting to the men "Get on your horses and be d—d, and get off this accursed ground". The excitement brought me out of the hospital to ascertain what had happened; there was a panic, men were rushing to mount and get away helter skelter, the Officer Commanding, and Surgeon, among the van. I saw one N.C.O. get his foot in the stirrup and fall back, he turned ashy, was brought to the hospital, and only survived a few hours. On they raced for a conical mound in the centre of the plain, 10 miles away, only conspicuous object on the level desert.

We hear that on the 10th a great fire occurred at Varna (incendiary?) destroying quarter of town, and French Commissariat stores. The Greek Bishop there informs our Chaplain that Protestants will be buried in consecrated ground, but such permission could not be granted to Romanist heretics!

Left with the sick and dying, and without rations, which had been carried off in the flight, I went to General Scarlett for orders. He was quite calm and said, "I am staying with the Hospital, so do you". In the evening Captain Duckworth came back astonished to find only the hospital, my tent and the General's camp alone standing. He had formed a remarkable friendship with Sandeman, a young cornet of the Royals, who had been ill with fever since the 24th July, and every day he had ridden over with fruit or any little luxury he could procure, though, unknown to us, he was himself suffering from diarrhoea. Surprised to find the camp vacated, I showed him the tents now

beginning to spring up in the distance, and told him we had no food, then he rode on.

Sandeman on August 14th was able to hobble about a room he had taken in a house at Kara Hussim, and on 17th left for Varna in an Araba with the Surgeon Barron; leaving the regiment encamping close to the lake some three miles out of Varna, and was carried on board the transport Bombay, where poor Duckworth afterwards came to die.

"Poor fellow, he lost his life in my service, as he rode over almost every day from Kotlubie to bring me luxuries which kept me alive." The luxuries consisted I fancy in imagination, for with us there were none.

Presently a mounted Orderly came to summon me to the new camp; there were fresh cases of cholera; the C.O. and Surgeon were ill, and also the Paymaster, but the General told me to stay, as Assist. Surg. Moore VI D.G. (attached to Brigade) was at the other camp; so next morning after burials, we went over with Scarlett to find the Surgeon and Duckworth ill with cholera, and the C.O. and Paymaster indisposed. Duckworth was seriously ill, but bore up with wonderful resignation; his features became so terribly changed that F., the Vet, who went to sit with him, became nervous; I met F. in a state of intense excitement, rushing out of Duckworth's tent: "O! I have got it", pressing his hand on his stomach; then, "What is it like?". He was sent to bed, diarrhoea set in, and a week after he was buried in the ditch (Hospital Cemetery) at Varna.

Our present encampment was studded with circular tumuli, some 2 yards in diameter, artificial mounds of loose earth like flowerbeds on which were a few weeds. At west end of Officers' line was the large mound some 20 feet high, conical with flattened top.

Two or three men volunteered to assist the Orderlies, but the cases increased to an alarming extent, and on the 11th of August the large Marquee was crowded, and several bell tents had to be occupied. There were about 70 sick in Hospital, and in the space of 12 hours 15 died. About 8 in the morning we buried 7 in one grave; then again at noon four more in another, and at 5 o'clock four more, making a total of 15 in less than 12 hours. Several more died during the ensuing night.

(a) I reported that we had sometimes only one man to attend to 7 horses, there were not sufficient to water them, and they had to be taken in batches.

(

b) Deaths (Annual Report):

August 4	5	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	20	24	26
Deaths 1	1	2	9	5	2	4	1	3	2	1	1

"It is occasions like these that try a man's nerves and show the metal he is made of. Well do I remember when the men stood, with bared heads round the open grave that contained the remains of seven as fine soldiers as ever the sun shone on, some of whom were less than 24 hours before in the bloom of health and manhood, and now in the silent tomb. When the Brigade Major Connolly, who had served several years in the V.D.Gs, and thus knew some of the men personally, was reading the burial service, for we had no chaplain: he paused, and in voice broken by emotion, said, "Men, don't think me womanish," and pointing to the grave, "What would they think in England could they see that?" (Franks.)

The funeral service was read by our Adjutant (Godman); on one occasion when about to begin the Hospital Sergt (Fisher) ran and said "Wait a minute, another almost ready". Asked if he was dead Fisher replied "Not quite" and in a few minutes the corpse was brought out in its blanket, and put in with the rest.

(a) Godman notes "I buried & read service at most funerals; once just going to commence an orderly from the Hospital came up and said "Wait a minute another is almost ready." I asked "Is he dead?" "Not quite." And in a few minutes he was brought out in his blanket and put in with the rest.

Meanwhile the men were kept employed cutting grass for the horses, and watering them twice a day, but in spite of unremitting efforts of the Officers to keep the men cheerful, a gloom had settled over all ranks. To make matters worse various rumours were set afloat. One, that the Medicine chest had been left behind at Varna through the Colonel's fault, and that men were dying in consequence, which, however, gained credence. "That was the day on which we had buried 15, and three or four more died during the night. I myself (says Sergt. Major Franks) was attacked, but managed to pull through. Those Officers who were not ill did everything in their power to assist and cheer up the men by visiting the tents, and in many instances even took their turn in watching by the suffering soldiers. All honour to them. Dr. Cattell, I know for a fact, was for three successive nights in the Hospital tents, and it was a miracle how he kept on his feet, as during that time he scarcely got any sleep. He was one of the kindest of men."

Men gathered in one of the tents and selected three as a deputation to the C.O. The Doctor's servant, Sands, who lived in that tent at once informed his master, who warned the C.O., who was therefore not in his tent when the Deputies came. Soon after an Araba was seen to leave the camp, accompanied by Gamble, the C.O.'s servant; it was attached for carrying rations and forage, and from daily use it was familiar, but the large quantity of grass with which it was laden was remarked upon.

The C.O. no longer able to control his fear, had left for Varna on condition (his wife was at Therapia) that he did not go further. He left the camp in an Araba, which gave a wide sweep round the hospital, holding a white handkerchief over his face; the door we watched him, a departure which intensified the prevailing depression. Of course he went on board ship, and, like several others was carried down to Therapia where he joined his wife; and we never saw him again.

(a) Franks, "Leaves from a Soldier's Notebook". Gamble returned two days afterwards with the Araba and a pass signed by the C.O. giving him five days leave. He stated that he had covered up his master with grass as they had to travel all night. In going into action at Balaclava Godman heard the men saying "It's well Tommy Le M. isn't here today."

Men admitted that they had suffered from diarrhoea for some time, possibly days, before coming to Hospital, which was looked upon as the portal to a speedy grave, a disastrous want of confidence, only overcome by repeated visitations from tent to tent. We made a tour of the camp every three hours, in which the P.M.O., O'Flaherty nobly aided, and Asst. Surg. Moore, Carbineers, who himself however became ill on the second day. Burnand had already left to be brought back with MacNeil in spring.

Having no medicine, but such private stores as I could obtain, with brandy liberally given up by all who possessed any, and what more could be got from the canteen, were all our stock through the cholera period. Repeated and unanswered applications urgently forwarded to Varna from Devno were not even acknowledged. A teaspoonful of brandy containing camphor and cayenne pepper was given to those who felt uneasy or nervous, all we had to give. So great was the depression that it was difficult to keep the Hospital sentries at their post. There was one who remained calm, Capt. Campbell, to whom it was a relief to allude to what was going on. Engaged to the General's daughter, Miss Maunsell, and troubled frequently with ulcerated leg, he had been marked for Depot. Then choice lay between him and a junior who suffered from epilepsy; whereon both the fiancée and her father told him he must go. Capt. of the troop I belonged to, he used to read me extracts from her letters, cleverly written, with pen illustrations, which were amusing and

under present circumstances exhilarating: if there were endearments he probably kept them to himself.

Two Turkish servants in the Canteen were attacked - one belonged to a small escort just arrived from Yeni Bazaar, the other had accompanied us from Devno.

When it was rumoured that the regiment was returning to Varna and that a subaltern would remain with the Sick Camp, a dreaded duty, Swinfen at once volunteered to remain with me: Duckworth was his Capt., to whom he was much attached, and he, Godman and Burnand, were taking it in turn to sit up with him.

On the 16th the Regiment left for Varna, and the Surgeon, for some time unconscious, died two hours after, by congestion of the brain. The hospital and sick unable to travel, and women, were left until I thought it safe for them to attempt the journey; Sergt. Fisher remained with a few men as guard, and as a burying party, and also the Interpreter. The next few days were spent among the dying and the dead.

Before the troops marched off on the 16th, I was aroused by a T.Sergt.Major who felt anxious to tell me his experiences: I ought to know "that this plain was the camping ground of the Russian Army at the siege of Varna, in 1828, where such numbers perished, that those round patches that looked like flower beds, scattered about the plain were their graves; that the conical hill at the end of the Officers' lines just beyond my tent, was an immense grave and landmark, formed of piles of bodies earthed over into a cone;" such he had been told by the villagers. To test this story, he and his friend the Interpreter had last night dug into one of the beds not far from the forge-cart, standing just outside and below the right troop tents, and had found bodies. A picket peg furnished corroboration to the men of this depressing canard, by sinking suddenly several inches, and then again meeting hard ground - it had pierced one of the bodies. For some days these stories, which might easily have been tested, had been passed, from one to another.

Our thinned camp was widely scattered, but we had no labour to close us in. Swinfen and I were at opposite ends of the front row; Pitcairn's tent next mine, and Fisher alone in next row, with Duckworth further back (a); and the women grouped some distance on his right. The Hospital was on extreme right front. Swinfen and I determined to bury the Surgeon on top of the conical hill, where his body could easily be found if wanted, and at the same time had the grave dug sufficiently deep to ascertain its true formation. It was evidently of artificial origin, though not recent, and no bones were discovered. That bodies would not be buried at random about the plain - save in such a case as our own, where on three sides of the village they might be discovered at some time by future explorers was improbable from the peculiar sanctity of burial, common to Turks and Greeks, and more especially as there were graveyards for each; the Greek close to the village, and one for Mussalmen more extensive, a short way beyond.

(a) Pitcairn died on the 16th, Duckworth and Fisher on the 24th. Official Records.

During the morning we endeavoured to find the spot where the explorers had found bodies, and starting with the Interpreter, from site of forge-cart, carefully went over the ground without finding any traces of recent digging. Then we examined one of the so-called flower-beds: there was a round hole on one side some two yards away, leading into a burrow about a foot deep, under which, on the hard ground beneath, were deposited a heap of husks, evidently a rat-store for winter subsistence.

In the afternoon there was a noisy altercation outside the women's tents. We had brought out three per troop, in native idea for the General's harem, really as washerwomen. The immediate

casus belli was some trivial matter, next turn to use one of their utensils, but so impressed was I at this inopportune unseemliness, in the midst of death, with comrades cholera-stricken in the hospital close by, that I mounted on an upturned bucket and gave them a serious admonition.

Our tools were relics of the Peninsula and rotten, and it was evening before the Surgeon's grave was ready: now we found there was a repugnance to burial after sunset, which had to be overcome. Afterwards we dined in Swinfen's tent; mine next the Surgeon's was at the opposite flank, the intermediate ones were all gone and we had no labour to close in the camp. Then we started for a patrol round the outskirts, pistol in hand, taking opposite directions and examining the brushwood for lurking thieves: for this afternoon a regt of turkish Bashi-Bazooks had come down & were encamped just beyond the village; then we again met at starting point to say "Alls well", & "Good night". We laid down in our clothes; there was no longer a corpse beside me, only a tent well worth robbing. Startled out of a doze by St Fisher I sprang up revolver in hand; he merely wanted to report "All's well". Afterwards he explained that it was a relief to speak to someone. In the morning we brought some stones from the Turkish cemetery and placed them at head & foot of the grave, to be almost immediately seized by vultures as a resting place of observation. Swinfen & I sought distraction in practising at them with pistols but the Interpreter warned us that the villagers were displeased at our appropriating their stones. As for the Bazooks they gave us no trouble only anxiety about their predatory habits of which we had had examples at Devno; then one of them was seized with cholera, was treated & recovered; this established a friendly understanding.

Next day Capt Nolan A.D.C. to the Quartermaster General rode over from Monastir to arrange about arabas for our transport & lunched; it was a relief to talk on any other subject than the prevailing topic. He had recently returned with a number of serviceable Syrian horses, most acceptable; he was an enthusiast on Cavalry tactics, no square should stop them, and he was severe about our recent Dobroudsha experience, where out of 280 horses, 100 were disabled from sore backs, which was not creditable to the Officers.

Arabas arrived, and on the 21st we commenced our sickly march, leaving narrow mounds near each camping place, soon probably to be disturbed. The valley below was tainted by numbers of dead horses lying about: the natives, too, have been digging up the bodies of our men for sake of the blankets in which they were buried, and have left them exposed to vultures and dogs.

These few days made a deep impression on Swinfen. After fifty years he wrote "Dont you think we both ought to have got the V.C. for our sad experience during those few days when we were left so inhospitably by the Regt on that desert plain? We were both rather young then for the job & although it is so long ago I see it as distinctly as if it were yesterday. I dont forget your total absence of fear during our experience at Kotlubei. Of course I am only joking about the V.C. but some notice ought to be taken of us poor old beggars, the survivors: I especially mention our mutual old friend Godman, a better soldier & truer friend could not be and his very good services have in my opinion been altogether unrecognised."

Duckworth, who had fought manfully - he was always serene - went with us, and was removed on board the "Bombay" where he joined his friend of the Royals (Sandeman) now convalescent from fever, but he died after a few hours, and the body was brought ashore for burial to the Cavalry camp on the Adrianople road, wrapt, as he requested, in his military cloak without a coffin, and alongside Lt.Col.Trevelyan of the Guards. "Never" says Franks, "was an Officer more beloved in life or lamented in death". Fisher the V.S. was also brought down, and died on arrival at Varna Hospital; he was buried in a shallow grave in the ditch. Strange to say none of the women were attacked.

It was the end of August as we joined Lucan's Division on the heights above Varna Bay, on the Adrianople Road, over the beach where we landed in such good form little more than two

months ago.

When the Regiment left Kotlubie on the 16th, only some of the men were able to mount a horse, the others were put in Arabas: each mounted man led two horses, one on either side, and they had to be looked after, but many of the poor fellows, however willing, were unable. They halted each day when half way, some of the men cut grass for the horses, and the cook lit a fire and made coffee for the men which was much appreciated. The weather was very hot, and the roads - or tracks as they might be called - very dusty and covered with a fine sort of sand. The horses, though only moving at a walking pace, were sweating, and being covered with dust were not presentable, and on the third day they no doubt cut a sorry figure, quite different to the V.D.Guards of a few weeks before. Another man died in an Araba, just as they arrived in camp - Alex. Gordon, a native of Aberdeen. "On the following morning they paraded in watering order (stable dress) and horses without saddles. Each man, able to mount, led two horses, and as there had not been time to make much improvement since the previous day, we did not appear under advantageous conditions. To make matters worse, we paraded along with the IV.D.Guards and 4th Lt.Dragoons, who had been encamped here since they landed, within easy reach of supplies, and were in the best possible condition. I will not repeat the General's bitter and cutting words to our Officers. The men had to listen in silence, he said we were unfit for any sort of duty and should be sent back to England. Sergt. Shegog remarked in the mess tent afterwards that "truth is stranger than fiction. We embarked as fine as body of men and as well mounted as any corps in the service, and look at us now, what a change in ten weeks! We may have a chance yet to show what stuff we are made of. You know our motto, "*Vestigia nulla retrorsum*" - never say die," and his words had a salutary effect." (a) Franks, "Leaves".

Some six Officers short, we were attached to the IV.D.Gds, under Hodge, but he never interfered; we moved into camp next to them, and the IVth, knowing we had two or three horses per man, generously gave us every help. Lucan on the 27th further expressed displeasure at the dirty appearance of the Cavalry Division, and ordered C.O.s to lay in "a stock of yellow ochre and pipeclay" articles not procurable here. Doctors being scarce, Lord de Ros, going for a change to Therapia, has taken one with him.

Here the medicine chest overtook us, it had been despatched to Monastir instead of Kotlubie. The camp seemed very healthy-looking, yet the IV.D.Gds. and Inniskillings had recently lost some 26 men. An Inspecting Medical Officer who came to investigate, was interrupted by a thunderstorm, which he thought would clear the air, but in the height of the storm five men of the Ambulance Corps - up to this singularly healthy - had been seized with cholera, and in a few hours only one survived. Asst. Surgeon Moore, seconded from VI. D.Gds. at home, claimed as senior to me to have Medical charge, but Scarlett over-ruled him, as I belonged to the Regt. Our camp extended from the Fountain to Galata Bournon, near England's 3rd Division. The ride along the beach into Varna is sickening, hideous bodies float grimly buoyant and bolt upright in the water or are washed ashore: here and there some straw sticking up in the mud marks a corpse, a prey alternately to vultures and dogs. Lucan had issued strict orders against any man found using the open ground as a latrine: one morning some Officers leaving the latrine saw him guilty of the offence and pretending not to recognise him called out, "Look here, my man, don't you know Lord Lucan's orders?"

The 3rd Division have lost upwards of 100 men, almost as many as the Light that was at Devno, having been encamped near the town of Varna. There were cases still, but difficult to diagnose, they seem to be cholera, in which reaction sets in early and instead of collapse, fever. There was abundance of red wine (Tenedos) which some of us, myself included, drank regularly, but there was still an outcry against it as being the cause of cholera. Our late Surgeon always condemned it as pernicious and would not touch it, yet he fell a victim. Now, a Committee was

appointed, and finding myself in a minority, I was told off to carry out their recommendations, and destroy all the wine in the ramp. So farriers stove in the casks, and the luscious juice flowed into the earth in streams, and for some days there was nothing to drink; water I would not touch, as dangerous. In Italy, before the export of wine, either direct, or to swell the Claret vintage of Bordeaux, whole barrels would be poured out in the road, but that was to make room for the new vintage.

The ships went out to sea hoping to shake it off, but cholera raged more violently and the Britannia flagship lost 139 out of 885 men, fifty-five out of sixty first cases dying within 20 hours. Evident preparations for an expedition by sea acted as a wholesome stimulus, and a survey of the coast near Sevastopol stimulated the direction and concentrated our thoughts.

Early in September the Army sailed for the Crimea, and the Heavy Brigade was left to await transports. On the 26th, we, with Scarlett and staff, left in *Jason*, and IV D.Guards in the *Trent*, each towing a transport with Inniskillings and Royals. After liberal treatment on the *Himalaya*, the Screw Company did not win our confidence. There was no table liquor, anyone wanting a glass of sherry had to order a bottle which stood amongst others with your name attached, on the shelf overhead. The sea rose during the night, and in the morning not a ship was to be seen. The wind increased to a storm, and fog shut us in for two days. Everyone was seasick, from the General to the cow over the screw. At length a break in the fog, showed us to be out of our course, and making for the Circassian coast. Never having been seasick when in heavy seas, I was worried by diarrhoea, so troublesome with everyone around suffering, that on arrival off Balaclava on evening of 30th September, I took an opium pill, which kept me romancing throughout the night, between the intervals of getting up. Here we heard of the Alma, where Connolly, the brother of one of our staff was killed. (Kinglelake II. 293.) Menzikoff is said to have replied to the Czar after Alma: "*Que voulez vous, Sire? Vous avez un ministre de la guerre qui n'a ni senti, ni inventé ni envoyé, la poudre*".

Next morning I was so weak that I had to be lifted on horseback; we marched through Balaclava, the inhabitants standing reverently at their doors presenting a plate of bread and salt. Beyond the main street the houses were bright and cheerful with green doors and lattice-work covered with flowers; on past Kadykeuei the hillside now luscious with low bushes of purple grapes. No sooner had we reached our camping ground than I lay down and held the horses while my servant Murphy went to gather some grapes for which I was instinctively longing. He returned with a whole bush, and saying this was much less trouble placed it stem upwards over my head; I sucked the fruit and rapidly recovered. Vegetables and fruit had long been absent from our dietary, and we were becoming scorbutic.

Raids were made on deserted houses for fuel, a grand piano was brought in, and doors, which we arranged as a side-screen around the camp fire to shelter us from the cool night wind, and over our ration of rum which was still a good old survival of the Peninsula, hoped for better times. Our first camp was close to Kadykeuei a pretty village nestling round its green-domed little church; then we changed ground twice, moving nearer to the plateau.

The transports we had left behind in the storm, *Warcloud* and *Wilson Kennedy* with Inniskillings and Royals, arrived on the 10th Oct. having lost in the two days gale 170 out of 178 horses.

Attached is our only communication from the P.M.O.Head Qrs, worthy of record as a guide to treatment of cholera in the field, where we had no medicines; our sole reply to numerous requisitions. (A)

Hall had joined as a Hospital Assistant sometimes after Waterloo and 12 years later became Surgeon 33 Regiment and five years later a Deputy to serve at Cape.

MEMORANDA.

J.Hall,
I.Genl.of
Hospitals.

1. Dr. Hawthorne recommends that a patient affected with Cholera, should be immediately placed (flat) in bed, and take six pills (No.I), and an ounce of the mixture (II). The medicine may be washed down with a small quantity of some cordial - as spirits flavoured with cloves or ginger; or, if the stomach can bear it, he may have a glass of strong brandy-punch taken very hot. He must then be covered with blankets; jars and bottles of hot water, or heated bricks, having been applied to the feet, legs, and different parts of the body, so as to produce perspiration as quickly as possible. If one dose of the medicines be insufficient to arrest purging, half the quantity should be at once given; and if necessary, an enema of 4oz of boiled starch, with an aqueous solution of 6 grains of opium should be administered. If profuse warm sweating be quickly induced, great relief follows, and it will seldom be necessary to repeat the medicine. But if need be, it must be promptly repeated according to the exigency of the case, for no time should be lost in arresting the vomiting and purging. When these have ceased, the pulse become full, and the body covered with a copious warm sweat, the patient will almost invariably recover, provided the perspiration is kept up, and the after treatment is carefully conducted.

2. After treatment, Lest vomiting return, very little drink should be given till the sweating has flowed freely for a few minutes. After this delay, it is very important to administer from time to time copious draughts of warm whey, ginger tea, toast-water with ginger, mint, or balm tea.

Sweating is to be kept up for twelve hours, or even longer, according to the strength of the patient, and the state of the pulse. After the first five or six hours, the heat to be applied need not be higher than what is agreeable to the patient's feelings.

3. If the purging have been quick and violent, the bowels should not be disturbed for at least twenty-four to thirty-six hours, when they may be opened by a mild injection. This may be administered at the end of twenty-four hours should the state of the stomach appear to demand it. It often happens on the second day, that besides confined bowels, there is acidity of stomach and feverishness, in which case much benefit in anticipating and subduing consecutive fever is derived from the mixture (III) in doses of two tablespoonfuls every third hour till a laxative effect is produced.

4. In the consecutive stage are apt to occur bilious vomiting which should be relieved by a laxative enema, and bilious diarrhoea by chalk mixture, with tinct. opii and catechu, aided, if need be, by simple or medicated starch injections. At the same time the strength must be supported with wine, light broths, and beef tea, while the healthy tone of the stomach is to be restored by aromatic bitters.

5. Not until the alvine evacuations have resumed a natural appearance is the patient to have animal food, such as roast-beef, steaks, and chops. The skin may now be sponged with vinegar and water, and rubbed with a coarse towel.

PILLS No. I.
R Camphorae '3' ss.
Opium pulv. gr. xii.

Pip. Cayenne gr. ix.
Spt. Vini Rect.
Conserv. Rosar. Q.S.
In pilul. xij. Divide.

MIXTURE No. II.
Spt. ^theris Sulph.
" Amnion. Arom.
Tinct. Camphorae.
" Opii '3' i.
Aq. Cinnamon '3' ij.

MIXTURE No. III.
R Magnesia Calcinat. '3' ij.
Spt. Aether. Nitrici '3' i.
Tinct. Lavandul. Co.
" Zinziberis a '3' ij.
" Calumbae '3' ss.
Aquae Menth. pip. '3' viij.

II. Mr. Wells has found in diarrhoea half a drachm of dilute sulphuric acid, used in the course of four hours as a drink, to be very advantageous, nay, even to effect a cure.

III. In severe cases of cholera, Mr. Child has noted the disease to be controlled by thirty drops of laudanum, and sixty of sulphuric ether, in mint water, which may be repeated in full or half doses every second or fourth hour.

CHAPTER II.

BALACLAVA

The plain lies half a mile north of the town, & is divided longitudinally by a ridge of causeway heights, extending west for nearly three miles from the village of Kamara. Along this runs the Woronzof road for some two miles, when it dips N.W. &, crossing the angle of northern plain, makes a steep ascent to the plateau. In front of Kamara, & joined to it by a narrow neck, stood a knoll some 500ft. high, soon named Canrobert's hill; on this a slight breastwork was thrown up, & along the causeway heights a body of Turks, just landed, are busy constructing smaller earthworks, but so weak, that a Cossack could ride through them. Canrobert's was No. 1, & No. 3 was also called Arab-tabia; Canrobert was armed with three ship's 12-pounders, & the others with two; in the former were a half battalion of Turks, & in the others 250 men each; with one N.C.O. of our R.A.; they felt they were without visible supports, left in the air. Instead of veterans, these Turks were Redifs, recruited from lower trading class, aged-looking; but almost raw recruits. They seemed, however, to be making themselves at home, for we saw those off duty scooping out comfortable snuggeries for themselves, which they sheltered deftly with branches.

Our first Camp, in front of the 93rd, was moved W. & then further, above the vineyard, below No. 6 Redoubt. On the 12th all Greeks were expelled from Balaclava, owing to a rumour that, in concert with an impending attack, they were prepared to set fire to the houses; they carried away all their belongings, & it is said, also consoled themselves with clothing entrusted to them for washing; only Tartars remain in the town. Every morning we turned out an hour before daybreak, & halted under the Western redoubt, whilst the staff on the ridge awaited dawn to scan the valley beyond for any movement of the enemy.

The bombardment of Sevastopol (city of devastation) commenced on 17th. We were confined to camp, but in the evening Godman, (Adj't.) rode up to satisfy our anxiety for news. Early in the morning, the French right battery magazine exploded; about one o'clock (p.m.) the uproar was emphasised by salvos from the ships; next came an explosion in the town, followed by another in the Redan, & then by the magazine in Round Fort; the ships closed in, & broadside followed broadside; not till dusk did the thundering grow fainter.

Next day breakfast was disturbed by "Boot & saddle", a vidette was circling "Left", vigorously, (enemy's Infantry approaching, Right for Cavalry) so we turned out again expecting an attack; reinforcements were hurried down from the front, & Lord Raglan came down to find that the enemy's Cavalry were trying to creep up under cover of the fog, & surprize our outposts! The Turks on the heights fired some howitzers, which caused hopes of a diversion; but the enemy retired. In the evening their watchfires blazed brightly, some 2000 yards in front of our videttes, & kept us on the alert; at daybreak they had vanished. Next morning, however, the vidette began circling "Right", & after another day of suspense, the enemy again retired.

So peaceful seemed next day (20th,) that at midday, Ferguson, Tom, & I, rode up to the front & watched the Artillery duel, with special interest in the Lancasters, whose shot have a unique sound, &, as deserters report, have inflicted great damage in the town. From the shell of a farmhouse, whose roof & timbering we have carried off for firewood, now a picquet post of the third division, on right of where the Woronzof road descends to Sevastopol, through the gorge now known as the valley of Death, we get an extensive view of the Forts & town in our front. Presently we were joined by Percy Fielding & another staff officer, & soon after, were startled by a shell falling into the house, which we instantly promptly left to itself. We found that we were liable, to be mistaken for staff officers on account of the gold-braided cap, when in view of the gunners, it became necessary to avoid standing in a group; one, or even, two together would not attract their fire. Among 230 Russian, and half as many of our guns, the little one-gun Lancaster battery on our left below (one gun burst on first firing) distinguished itself by its hissing shot. Now and again Whistling Dick, louder and shriller, a 13in shell, from a Russian Mortar, draws all eyes upwards; it can be seen curving down to bury itself or do great damage. It once fell in a 53rd Tent, maiming a Sergeant, fortunately sole occupant, who passed (away?) shortly afterwards; we saw the deep hole it had occupied.

We dispersed to pay visits; rendezvous opposite the Guards' Camp; after seeing Neville's brother, I must have been late, for after waiting as long as was prudent, I had to go on alone, & at edge of the plateau, I was astonished at finding the whole plain in darkness, for hitherto, the scene from here had been striking, with the numerous campfires in groups over the plain, on to the 93rd. at Kadikeui, & above them a line of fire along the heights from above Kamara to Balaclava. Never before had the road been deserted; near the bottom, a soldier skulked off into the brushwood on the left, probably a Frenchman from above, but the strange circumstance roused my alertness. At the bottom the gloom deepened, & it became difficult to find one's way to Camp: my thought was to keep the road, but the horse continued pulling to the right with such determination, that I, at length gave him his mouth & he, at once, turned sharply to the right, & at once went on with assurance, up to the gap on the ridges, & on as if he knew; in a minute we were in our camp & at my tent door the faithful animal halted. My groom sprang up from the ground; another horse was ready saddled, & I had to follow the troops who hours ago had gone towards Canroberts hill. So I went on through the mysterious darkness, to find our Brigade; & that nobody knew what was happening; only that dinner was hopeless. During the afternoon the enemy had advanced in force into the northern plain, and, thanks to my horse, I had escaped going right into their picquets. Some shot & shell went over our heads, from Turks on the heights; followed, about nine o'clock, by a smart fire of musketry, which aroused keen excitement; then bursting shell illumined the hillside. At dawn we advanced

over the ridge, to find that the enemy had vanished. The Turks, seeing some Cavalry in the plain, sent a rocket or two, & then a shell, towards us, happily without doing any damage. (J.G.S)
[Swinfen?]

We did not know that since the 7th, Mentschikoff had taken the field, & was massing an army at Tchorgum, where his force had, since 17th., accumulated to 22,000 infantry, 3,400 Cavalry, & 78 guns; with which he felt himself able to operate in our rear: his primary object being to seize our outer line of defence, & the 93rd. camp at Kadikeui: he had, moreover, above at Mackenzie's farm, in support, another large force, under General Jabrokritsky: but the Turks knew.

Beatson has left his intractables in the more practised hands of Yusuf Bey and arrived in camp; he sometimes accompanies Scarlet in his visits to our camp.

Battle of Balaklava

On the 24th, a spy of Rustem Pasha's, brought intelligence that Liprandi, with 25000 of all arms, intended marching on Balaclava tomorrow, from Tchorgoum & the Baidar gorge, definite news; Lucan, (Lookon as our men called him), & Colin Campbell, sent on this definite information to Head Quarters; Raglan was closeted with Canrobert &, deceived before by similar alarms, (on 18th.Oct.) took the letter with "very well," but vouchsafed no further notice.

On the morning of Balaclava, Inglis & Swinfen were on picquet at Kamara, & Swinfen believes he was the first to see the Russians on that foggy morning when posting his videttes; & so reported to Low, (field Officer) who scarcely believed him, & spoke somewhat roughly: but when asked to come & see for himself, quickly went back to the picquet. After the light Brigade Charge, Low came up to Swinfen, & apologised; remarking that when he spoke that morning, he did not expect so warm a day. Low is said to have killed 12 men; he died 50 years after, before he knew that he was gazetted KCB. Turning out an hour before daybreak, as usual, Paulet & McMahon, joined by Lord G. Paget, rode on in front behind Lucan, & got to Canrobert's Hill at first streak of dawn which speedily revealed 2 flags on the flagstaff; that meant "Enemy advancing", & immediately the Fort opened fire. Leaving the others to ride after Lucan, Paget galloped back to camp, where in the absence of Lord Cardigan - who slept on board his yacht - he took command of the Light Cavalry Brigade; orders followed immediately from Lucan, for immediate advance of both Brigades, for he & Campbell saw, at daybreak, the enemy approaching from Baidar & Tchorgoum, & sent Charteris with news of the impending attack to Hd. Qrs. The enemy had, in fact, advanced from Tchorgoum at 5 A.M.

As usual we went out at daybreak to the base of Canrobert's Hill, and returning had scarce dismounted, keen for breakfast, the horses had also not been watered, when we were again in the saddle and back under Canrobert's Hill. The Turks now saw converging on them, some 11000 Infantry with 38 guns, on which they opened fire; the column from Baidar soon seized Kamara, & at halfpast seven, Canrobert's hill was stormed by five battalions; the Turks, leaving 170 dead, retired on No. 2; here, realising 1500 English Cavalry had let it fall without a shot, & with Canrobert's guns now turned against them, they fled to Arab-tabia. Thence they began to escape to the ships, taking with them across the plain what they could, snatching up what they came across; fired on by the Forts, pursued and speared by Cossacks: Rustem Pasha's horse was shot under him. The enemy now seized No.4. which - unable to hold - they dismantled.

"There were three picquets out, as usual; & possibly Kinglake may refer to the one at Kamara (V. p100). But nothing could have prevented Kamara being seized, even if we had seen the enemy half an hour earlier; for it would have taken quite an hour to have communicated with the Camp, & for troops to come up in any strength. The chain of communication - nearly three miles -

ought not to have been left unoccupied.” (Swinfen.)

Meantime roundshot came along, like cricket balls, through our squadrons, we were also exposed to their musketry fire; &, occasionally, a man was hit; a Cornet in the Royals, (serrefile) (G.S./S.S.?) saw the helmet of a trooper in front of him, knocked off, & the man fell, struck in the breast; not for many months after was the body recovered.

On the shoulder of Arab-tabia, (No. 2) Maude’s battery was still firing; through failure of ammunition, (unexplained through his wound,) he was ordered to retire; but at this moment his horse was struck in the breast by a shell, which, in exploding, wounded him seriously; he was carried past us on a stretcher, the first Officer I had seen disabled. Two years afterwards, at the coronation fetes in Moskow, 1856, a Russian Officer told W. Russell, how he had laid a gun on a horse-battery of ours, & the shell had blown the commanding Officer to pieces: he was astonished to hear that, standing within a few feet of them, was the individual himself. (Russell, Great War, 140).

Instead of spent ball, the guns now began to play on our columns; we were kept constantly on the move, retiring gradually in echelon of columns: according to Lucan, he moved us about, making demonstrations, & threatening the enemy; & "Manoeuvring" across the plain, the surviving Turks, seeing - as we could not - column after column advancing against them, & we retiring, felt deserted & left without supports: but they fought to the last, & the N.C. Officer R.A., spiked the guns. From Arab-tabia across the plain to the harbour: many fell under Cossack lances, the yells of pursued & pursuer were painfully audible: passing the 93rd. on they pressed, crying "Ship. Ship", here it was attempted to rally some, & they were formed up, only - now demoralised - to fly when the Russians rode down.

Godman saw single Turks charge the Russian column, only to meet their death; yet, after this, these unfortunate soldiers were hustled off the footpaths with "No Bono, Johnny," like canaille; as it afterwards proved, unjustly, for when the redoubts were recovered, it was evident that they had fought to the last extremity.

Skirmishers were now called in, and from the massed Russians a column 400 strong, (Todleben says the squadrons of Hussars and Cossacks) dashed suddenly down to their left towards Balaclava. The 93rd, some 500 strong, with a battalion of Turks on either flank, were lying prone at the foot of the hillock; but the Turks, demoralised by comrades from the forts, soon dissolved into a crowd of fugitives, crying: "Ship, Ship!". The Highlanders rose and, running up the hillock, were immediately formed in line two deep across the top & Colin Campbell called out: "No retreat from here, men, you must die where you stand." "Ay, ay", they replied, "we'll do that!" The Russians, whose object was to seize an outwork of Balaclava, at the unexpected sight of Infantry, suspected an ambush and slackened pace to a halt. The Highlanders fired a volley and the squadrons wheeled left, whereon the former, turning right company, fired a second time, - again over their heads, - no saddle was emptied, - and the Russians retired, joining their main body; they could have ridden through or round "The thin red line", as they pleased; it was said they had no time to form square so intent were they watching the mass of Russians in pursuit of Heavies. When this ground was examined sometime afterwards one skull supposed to be that of a Cossack was alone found, and on the following day Godman & Bewley rode over it & came across the remains of a Russian Cavalry man, who had evidently been killed by a shell from our Marine Heights.

(a) Godman writes "I think a Cavalry man evidently killed by a shell from Marine Heights on 25th of October; we looked all over the ground & that was all we discovered."

The Heavy brigade retired slowly en echelon, ball from the redoubts bowling along

unpleasantly near as the gunners got our range, though we kept on the move. Then slowly, as though on parade, they grandly advanced: Scarlet, conspicuous in blue frockcoat, with Elliot, his orderly, Shegog, & trumpeter, was in front of Inniskillings (2nd.squadron), on right of Greys, now forming first line which extended to the corner of vineyard. Time being precious, & thinking we were right in front, Scarlett intended the V.D.Gds to form up on left of Greys. Both Brigades - Heavy in rear - had retired to corner of plain above the vineyard, on East front of which was the site of Light Cavalry camp, with that of ours on its South. Whilst the Lt. Bde halted we trotted round the vineyard, moving towards Kadikuyi; when, through some obstacle, the 1st.Squad. of Inniskillings got separated away to the right. As we came round the corner (S.E.) the mass of Russians, some 25 squadrons, were swarming down the ridge of No. 4 redoubt, now well in view, with a cloud of skirmishers on either side.

"Before rounding the Vineyard," says Godman, "the V.D.G. were in column of threes, and formed troops on the move before rounding the Vineyard - Neville was then on the left flank of his troop and as we were left in front he should have been on the right flank, and I told him so. This was the last I ever saw of him, as we wheeled into line directly after. Then I said to Burton, "I suppose you know we are inverted." He said "Shall I alter it?" I replied, "No, it will be all the same in a few minutes." and on we went."

An A.D.C, galloped down from Lord Raglan to Lucan and we soon after turned back towards the redoubts. As V.D.G. were formed up from threes, we saw the Russians for some unknown reason, slacking speed, perhaps the sudden view as they debouched on our plain, of our Cavalry on their flank, or the impedimenta on our late camping grounds in front, where some tents were standing here and there, with picket ropes and sick horses, caused them to hesitate. We were still in threes (Godman), till so soon as, by taking ground to the right, there would be room but Elliot gave the order "In support" so we formed the second line to left, in rear of the Greys. On right of all towards Kadikuyi were the 1st squad, of Inniskillings, also still in threes, and behind were the Royals. Enveloped in sombre overcoats, the enemy seemed like a dense cloud - viewed from the plateau their line was at least double the length of ours, and three times at least as deep: and behind them another line equally strong and compact: the interval between their front and ours, only a few hundred yards. The day was bright & beautifully clear, there was not a breath of wind & the smoke from - now - an occasional gun - rose straight up & away. In front - their faces clearly distinguishable - the Russian Officers could be seen cutting Sword exercise, as the pace had slackened almost to a parade movement. Then they halted; many drew carbine, & fired: one of our men, Callery, was shot through the chest and killed; Col. Griffiths of Greys was disabled by a shot through the head. Our men were saying "It's well that Tommy Le Marchant isn't here today." The advance was sounded & I halted by Mouat & watched. We saw Scarlett galloping on in front & by the time the order reached the troops he was several horse lengths ahead; pursued by Elliot who in vain tried to overtake him. From each flank the enemy, whose skirmishers had been drawn in, a wing was extended and circled forward, so that immediately our troopers were enveloped in the mass of some 3500. From the heights they could be distinguished by their scarlet coats and white helmets: but we on the plain lost sight of them. There was a momentary blank and they disappeared. From the heights they were seen to pierce the mass and dash in broken order into the second line, now advancing as fast as possible.

The second line - V.D.Gds still inverted (2nd squad, on right) - for there was no time to spare - charged across the debris of Lt. Brde. Camp, bearing left of 1st. line; & dashing in a little later. Before they closed, several shots were fired at them; one killed Trooper Callery, another hit Taylor: then they closed; the Russian mass had already wheeled round the Greys in deploying, & many of them had their backs turned. The V.D.Gds. were led by Capt. Desart Burton, with Capts. Newport Campbell, Inglis; Lts. Halford, Swinfen, & Temple Godman, (Adj); & Cornets Montgomery, Neville, Ferguson, & Hampton. [Burton's chestnut charger, Bob, became

mine when we came home & after being well to the front, in the hunting field, in Yorkshire, & Hampshire, with the Ward Union, & Meath, & Tipperary, & our own Harriers, died in 1865, when his hoof was made into a regimental snuffbox, for the Messtable.]

Immediately after the shock, the Inniskillings, on our right, under Capt. Hunt, with clear galloping ground before them, forming half right wheel, dashed at the disintegrating mass on its left flank, with a cheer & great momentum, smashing them in deployment: almost simultaneously the Royals, & V D.Gds, galloping across front of vineyard, rushed at its right flank. Compressed on three sides, the mass visibly loosened, spread out, & began galloping back up the ridge. A troop of R.H.A. galoped & fired a few rounds into the swarm, at close range, before they crossed the ridge. When the charge sounded, riding along side, I halted; &, joined by Mouatt, on his grey, watched the melee. We rushed forward, soon meeting some Inniskillings, wounded in swordhand, - which the enemy (did they know we had discarded gauntlets?) had been taught to strike, with thumbs partially severed. Just beyond the picquet ropes, left on the Camp ground, I came upon an Officer, in blue & silver uniform, apparently a Circassian, craving for drink & I gave him some brandy from my flask. Campbell, whose horse had stumbled over a picket rope, was lying stunned, close by, on the right, but I did not notice him, meeting so many wounded, who required dressing. Shortly after, the Circassian managed to raise himself on his left arm, & tried to take aim at Campbell with his pistol, but was fortunately discovered & disarmed. Shortly after we came across Neville, unhorsed in the same way, but carried some distance before he fell. On the ground, he had received several sword cuts, & a dangerous lance-thrust in right side. Two of our men had come to his assistance, & one, (Abbot) dismounted, & stood over his prostrate body, holding bridle with left hand, & parrying assaults, till two more dashed up to his aid, when three of the assailants were killed. Abbot lifted Neville, he was carried down to Balaclava, & put on board ship. I walked alongside for some time, but he never spoke, his very look was enough to read there, "I told you so." He thought we were wrong in exposing ourselves at the front, not being on duty, he would not go up even to see his brother; nor ride up the ridge to have a look at the retreating Russians, "I shall see them once for all.", was his invariable reply, & seemingly settled conviction. But I recall him standing, in blue frockcoat, with neat buttonhole, on the steps of the County club, & gazing abstractedly down the river, where now a bridge disfigures the scene.

Sent to Scutari, he received every attention from O'Flaherty, our late Brigade Staff Surgeon, but his case was hopeless & he succumbed. Rumour said that death was hastened by a chill incurred from change of linen. His dying wish was that Lord Braybrooke would take care of Abbot; he was given an annuity of 20 pounds; Neville's horse plunged into the enemy's mass and disappeared. Swinfen was slightly wounded by a nasty thrust in the neck fortunately protected by the stiff gold collar, and another in right hand also a lance thrust in right armpit.

The ground was littered with helmets, swords and pistols. The Circassian was said to be a volunteer. Our butcher and that of the 17th Lancers also joined in the fray in shirt sleeves. When the regiment was rallied and reformed hurriedly expecting to be charged again, several other troopers fell in with our ranks, amongst them 2 privates of X1 Hussars, "who must have been doing a bit on their own hook." One of our men, running to rejoin his troop, held up his sword, as W.H.Russell passed, - certainly not blue steel, - & exclaimed, "The villain unhorsed me, but I ran him through." (Great War.152.).

"The charge of the heavies," said one of the French Generals, watching the enormous numbers opposed to us, to Beatson, "was the most glorious thing I ever saw." According to another, the sight from the plateau was magnificent, the whole valley seemed filled with Russians; this victory of the Heavy Brigade, was the most glorious thing I ever saw." (KinglakeV.163.) The actual combat, about nine o'clock, lasted only some 8 minutes. Lord Raglan sent his A.D.C. (Curzon) to congratulate Scarlet, & say, "Well done." His gallant face beaming with pleasure, our

Chief replied, "I beg to thank his Lordship very sincerely." The pursuit could not be pressed, & the troops were at once rallied. Our loss was 78 killed & wounded: the V.D.Gds. had one Officer mortally wounded, & two men killed.

Scarlett, on a 16 hands charger, at high speed had been driven between two troopers through into the Russian mass, & so was protected from the shock of the impending charges: his helmet was stove in, but the skull was uninjured, & he escaped with five slight wounds. Elliot his A.D.C. - only campaigner amongst us - had been through both the Gwalior & the Satlej campaigns in the battles of Punniar, Feroseshah and Sobraon: Now he overtook Scarlett just as a Russian officer who had been waiting for the General, attempted to cut him down; Elliott, parrying the cut, drove the sword through his body so far that, from swiftness of impact, the Russian was turned round in the saddle: next instant, Elliott was cleaving his way through the mass, Shegog, a good swordsman, & the trumpeter, crashing after them, - all three were engulfed. Elliot, compressed by numbers, his horse lashed out, in resentment, & cleared a space in which he could better use his sword; in returning a thrust from a trooper, with hooked nose & savage glittering eye, he received a point in the forehead, & from another, a slash across the face; a third dealt him a blow through his cocked hat, & a fourth, gave him a stunning gash over the ear.

That morning Elliot had put on a forage cap (for Lucan had issued an order that Staff Officers need not wear forage-caps with oilskin covers) & waited outside for the General, (Scarlett); who, when he came out, asked "Where is your cocked hat?" Elliot told him, so he said, "D— the order, go & put it on. My staff shall be properly dressed." So Elliot dismounted, went into his tent &, putting it on, found the chinstrap hanging by one button, the other had gone. So, having to change or rather bored at having to change, he took a needle, & began to sew one on, when the General shouted for him, "and I left the job and by mere accident thrust into the hat a large silk bandana-handkerchief lying on the bed, and mounted. This little circumstance most certainly saved my life, for the hat was cut to ribbons, there were seven cuts through it. Scarlett always wore his helmet and that was cut slightly. Toby Wyatt and another Dr. (my predecessor in V. D. Gds.), came up as I lay unconscious at times from loss of blood, some orderly was holding the horses. Whilst Toby was stitching my wound (a gash through the outer skull above left ear) the other was urging him to leave me. I was sufficiently conscious to distinctly hear. Wyatt had fallen out (with one or two Officers, as the Guard's Column passed where I was lying) sent by the Duke of Cambridge to look after me." He was carried to Balaclava, on board Carew's yacht; his most severe wound being the sabre cut above left ear, through the bone. Months afterwards, a Scots Grey, in Hospital, confessed that he had done it, striking about, desperately, in the melee, in attempting to cut his way out.

Scarlett 5 slight wounds - Elliot 14 cuts

Altogether Elliot received fourteen wounds, sabre cuts; yet, curiously, he was returned (by the Medical Officer in charge of Staff) as "slightly wounded": his name, though warmly, & persistently, recommended by Scarlett, was kept out of public despatches. Lucan suppressed it & sent on that of one of his own A.D.C.s, who, as it happened, had not been in either charge. Though recommended, he was denied the V.C., "it was a Cavalry soldier's duty to fight hand to hand." [At Fatiabad in 1879, when the Officer leading the Guides fell, the one who took his place received the V.C.] Yet he was one of the few real soldiers, who had seen active service, & knew what it meant; for he had, in India, gone through the Gwalior campaign, & at the battle of Punniar, commanded a troop of 8th Bengal Lt. Cavalry, & through the Sutlej campaign, was at Ferozshah and Punniar & in recognition of his brilliant service, was given a commission in Hardinge's bodyguard, & made his A.D.C. He was therefore only a soldier.

Connoly, in the crush, found his arms encumbered & weighed down by a dead Russian; in the pressure, he was, for a time, unable to shake him off. After the battle, Godman and another

officer, (Bewley) found the bodies of Troopers Callery & Taylor; the latter was a fine young fellow - a bit of a pugilist - who used to box with Elliot; his horse a hardmouthed brute that no one could hold with one hand. He was badly cut up; his left arm - evidently used as a boxer would - to guard his head, was slashed in three places. "How I got out I don't know, but remember striking one of them a blow on the neck, & next day my servant came with a grin, to shew my sword; a lance thrust had taken out a piece of my coat behind the shoulder, but without wounding, & the thick lace we then wore, on my sword-wrist, was cut through, for the Russians were taught to cut at bridles, & bridle hands." The Russians, before advancing, had three rations of Vodka served out to each man, & were blessed by their priests.

The Russians lost only some 550 during the day, which must chiefly have been during the first charge; their thick grey overcoats were a protection against a sword thrust & their shakos a safer headcovering than our helmet. Vicomte de Noe, an enthusiastic soldier, who was often in our mess, one day, out of curiosity, tested one of these Shakos, & failed to cut it with a chopper. Moreover we were without shoulder scales, or gauntlets.

Our Regt. had 14, besides two killed, admitted with wounds; long afterwards, we found that some had returned all - however - slightly wounded. Two men (Macabe & McEgan) had lance thrusts in left chest, in one the lung protruded & was excised, the other had also a severe sabre slash across the head, but both recovered: others were mostly wounded in the right hand, in some nearly severing the thumb.

The Light Brigade, meantime, were inactive spectators of a disorganised enemy retreating across their front; for more than 1/2 hours they were dismounted; moreover they had especially been the subject of sharp criticism as useless in the Dobrudsha, where Cardigan had 100, out of 280 horses, disabled from sore backs. After Alma, in a fine country for Cavalry, they looked on at a beaten army retreating with guns & Standards & a wretched horde of Cossacks ready to turn tail at the first trumpet, within ten minutes galop of them. "Enough" exclaimed Nolan, "to drive one mad! When, instead of taking Sevastopol, we marched leisurely round, in the flank march they were exposed to utter destruction"; sent into a ravine leading to a river, surrounded on all sides by Wood, where a Battn. of Infantry could have disposed of the enemy in a few minutes. Lord Raglan says "We ought to be kept in a bandbox." "Then 170 horses were lost at sea." (Great War. 116)

Cardigan, tall & slender, erect, almost stiff in the saddle, in 11th Hussar uniform, his pelisse closely fitted, & blazing with gold lace, his handsome aristocratic features & aquiline nose, on a thoroughbred chestnut charger, with white stockings "on near side, - noticeable from a distance - chafing at inaction, rode up & down the lines, repeating "D-- n those Heavies, they have the laugh at us this day." Inaction, cause of surprise to the enemy, & of surprise & vexation to our Hd. Qr. Staff, & to our allies, of surprise & anxiety. "Repulsed with loss, the Russian Cavalry had regained the heights, where it might have been annihilated if the English Lt. Cavalry, under Cardigan, had charged it during its retreat; there was the occasion, there should have been exercised the initiative of the Cavalry General & later on in the day, it was apparent that bravery is no sufficient substitute for initiative. So thought de Noe (Kinglake, V. 162), in whose opinion, the Russian Cavalry, ought, under competent Generalship, to have been annihilated.

Morris of 17th. Lancers, who had seen service at Maharajpur, & Baddiwal, & was wounded at Aliwal, in vain urged Cardigan to attack; the brigadier thought his orders were to defend the position, (or ground) on which he halted. "The man from the banks of the Serpentine, D---ing the Heavies, instead of taking part in the fight, rebuffed the warrior from the Sutlej." (Kinglake.) So, as the Russians, with their powerful force of Artillery, retired, the Lt. Bde. refreshed themselves from their flasks, & held their ground.

Cathcart's division, ordered at 8.A.M., ought to have been in position to recapture Arab-tabia, but, reluctant, arrived too late. At first Cathcart refused to obey the order; his division had just returned from the trenches, "so sit down, & have some breakfast.", he said. "Then go back & say I cannot move". When the A.D.C. explained the urgent necessity, & refused to go back the General referred to his Staff; & at last the Division marched to the Col.

The first Division (Cambridge) had - as we have seen - come down early, by South of Woronzoff road, into the north plain, but had to wait for the 4th. to take up its appointed position. Up to this, the valley had been left to the Cavalry division, & a Battalion of Infantry & Marines, in face of 20,000 Russians. Some Turks, led by a resolute Pasha, on a grey Arab, now boldly took possession of No. 5. redoubt. Hours late, the 4th. Division arrived, & putting some men into No. 4, & 3 Redoubts, turned their guns on Arab-tabia, behind which was the Odessa Regiment.

Meanwhile Lord Raglan seeing the weak chain of Russian Infantry stretching forward endwise along line of redoubts, and Cathcart's hesitation or reluctance, determined, rather than lose the opportunity, to use the cavalry to recover the heights. Raglan from his position, surveyed the whole field of both valleys, which those below could not.

Lucan received the order to mount Cavalry, move Lt. Brigade to another position close by, and cause Heavies to await arrival of Infantry, then he halted for nearly an hour. Thus he inverted the order, persuaded that instead of Cavalry advancing supported by Infantry, it was the latter who should first advance, with Cavalry in support: in these momentous minutes, the enemy was withdrawing his Cavalry & guns.

Then the Head Quarter Staff thought they were bringing up Arty. horses with tackle, to carry away our guns from redoubts, and Nolan was chosen to take down a further order, No.4. Nolan's journal teems with impatience of the inaction of our Cavalry and blamed the Commander. Straight, swift and intent he descended the 700 ft. of precipitous face which no ordinary rider would attempt. Nearly an hour had passed and the 3rd order was not obeyed.

Jabrokritsky, with some 8 battalions, 4 Squadrons & 14 guns, lay to the North on slope of Fediukine hills: Liprandi, with Infantry & Field Artillery, lingered on site of captured redoubts, with 4 battalions of Odessa Regt., near Arab-tabia. The defeated Cavalry were withdrawn towards the Aqueduct, - 1/ miles from us, but visible as a black mass, - between, & connecting these forces, with Cossack Battery of 12 guns, in advance of them: Liprandi had also 6 Squadrons of Lancers, half in fold of Fediukine hills, & half in ravine near the causeway heights.

The Cavalry had moved up East of Lt. Brigade on slope of Causeway ridge. Lucan was in front between the 2 brigades, when Nolan arrived with the order, "Cavalry to advance rapidly to front and try to prevent enemy carrying away the guns. Immediate." From where they were neither could see the Russians. The General urged the uselessness of attacking and its dangers. Nolan provoked at the disregard of the Chief's order, by one who had not the field of battle under view, & knowing that Chief's purpose, said, "Lord Raglan's orders are that Cavalry attack immediately. "Attack what? what guns, Sir,?" Throwing back his head, & pointing, (according to Lucan) towards left front corner of the valley, "There, my Lord, is your enemy, & there are your Guns." The difference of angle, between this line & that to the redoubts, was only some 20 degrees, & Nolan was the last man in the army, to send Cavalry to destruction. [Morris shouted to Nolan, "That won't do; we've a long way to go, & must be steady."] From the plateau, the whole field was visible, & Nolan knew the purpose of the order.

Lucan trotted off alone to where his brother-in-law Cardigan sat in his saddle in front of the 13 th Lt. Dragoons and gave him the order to attack the Russians in the valley with 13th Lt

Dragoons, and 17th Lancers, withdrawing 11th Hussars from 1st line to act in support. Cardigan pointed out that there was a battery in front and riflemen on either flank. Shrugging his shoulders, Lucan replied "There is no choice but to obey". Cardigan with the rebuke of the 28th still in his mind, turned and gave the order to advance, "that great order of military obedience and self sacrifice" (Kinglake)

The 1st line, 13th under Capt. Oldham, 17th Capt, Morris; 2nd, 11th Col Douglas in support - 3rd, 4th Lt. Dragoons Lord Geo Paget, and 8th Hussars under Col. Shewell (minus Chetwoode's troop on escort duty at Head Quarters). Cardigan rode at head of 1st line, Douglas 2nd, and Paget 3rd. all in line two deep. It was now a little past eleven.

No charge was sounded, only "Walk and Trot". [Note: - White must have heard it and he did not.] White of the 17th lead squadron of Direction and was responsible for pace and direction: advancing at a steady trot (the pace was increased as they entered the zone of fire, when Cardigan riding alongside of White, checked the pace. When close, White rammed in both spurs, hoping to reach the guns before they fired, but was bowled over.

The Heavy Brigade was formed up upon the right in support, Greys, & Royals in front, & Lucan with them. Cardigan rode two horses lengths in front of his staff, Lockwood on left, Maxse & Wombwell (Mayow, Brigade-Major, had been ill,) some five more lengths in advance of the centre of first line. Before Cardigan had trotted 100 yards straight down the valley, he saw Nolan audaciously riding across his front, from left to right, turning in his saddle, shouting, & waving his sword; pointing, in fact, in the direction the troops ought to take. A shell burst, & a fragment struck Nolan on the chest, & tore into his heart. The sword dropt from his hand, but for a moment the arm remained uplifted; the horse - missing the guiding hand, - instinctively wheeled round, & galloped back towards the front of the advancing Brigade; then, from the still erect body, with sword arm uplifted, burst an unearthly & appalling cry; passing through the interval of 13th. before it dropt out of the saddle.

Now, the Odessa Regt., rightly divining the intent, fell back behind No. 2, & formed four squares. Cathcart was still lingering near No. 3, determined to advance no further; for which, as a despatch arrived next morning, appointing him successor to Lord Raglan, he escaped being called to account.

The enemy soon realised that we were not advancing against the Odessa Regt. & began firing shot & shell, & grape, which became a crossfire, with Bayonoff's ten-gun battery grouped in threes, below Arab-tabia to cover the enemy's retreat. They dashed into the white bank of smoke, pierced with jets of flame, which now hid the Russian Cavalry; the first line going down at a pace, according to their leader's estimate, of 17 miles an hour, & disappeared.

"Just before Nolan's death - Royals drawn up in line on left of Greys on N.E. slope of causeway (R. No. 6) - Lt. Brigade on left and a little to our rear. Ordered to advance we broke into trot down the valley towards Russian battery, when Lucan galloped up shouting "No! No!" - "Halt Heavy Brigade - they have done their duty let the Lights go!" We were accordingly halted and the Lt. Brig. trotted down on our left. As soon as they were some 5-600 yards in advance of us they increased their pace to a gallop, and we got an order to trot.

Scarlett rode between us Royals and Greys, Lucan a little in our left rear: before long the firing began to get a trifle warm, and he halted us. The Russian Battery on our right, was driven back by the Chasseur's D'Afrique, and an explosion on our right distracted the Russian Infantry about a quarter of a mile on our left.

It was then that Yorke and Geo. Campbell and Billy Hartopp were wounded. Robertson's horse shot and my Arab bowled over, though he picked himself up. I afterwards found that his neck must have been grazed by a roundshot about the size of a crown piece, but which did not draw blood. Cardigan appeared galloping as the remnant of the Lt. Brigade were straggling back and we retired by Alternate regiments till we regained the ground from which we had started." (Sandeman.)

As the Light Brigade closed with Russian Batteries, Scarlett advanced the Royals and Inniskillings a few lengths on our left and with his staff (Elliot was disabled) in front of the interval; he himself once rode out a few paces and came across Nolan's body which lay on our left front; then, when he saw the remnants returning in driblets, he gave the order for the Brigade to retire.

Sandeman, serrefile in the Royals, Says, "When in support of the Lt. Bde, Lucan, at the last moment, changed the order for Heavy Bde. to attack, & sent the light Bde. down; & Cardigan was the first we saw come out. Pepys, commanding my troop, & in front of me, did not see Lucan, who was on the left rear of where I was; the left troop of the supporting line, composed of Royals, & Greys who were on our right. Cardigan appeared galloping as the remnant of the Lt. Brigade were straggling back and we retired by Alternate regiments till we regained the ground from which we had started.

Cardigan came back alone, & - reining up near Scarlett - recommenced [commenced?] inveighing against the A.D.C. (Nolan) who had dared to gallop across his front. Gently, Scarlett said, "You have nearly ridden over his body." Then he went on towards the position from which he had started. One of his A.D.C.'s (Lockwood) galloped back shortly afterwards, & asked if we had seen him?, & then, Which way had he gone?" "Back." we cried; & he, mistaking, turned round, & rode back towards the batteries, to meet his death.

The Heavies advanced on right in support of the charge with Lucan well ahead as a connecting link - Charteris A.D.C., fulfilling a presentiment, was killed at his side. Lord Geo. Paulet A.A.G. had his head gear knocked off and McMahon A.Q.M.G. immediately after had his horse struck by grape - Lucan himself was wounded in leg by a musket ball, his horse shot in two places, but he advanced down the valley till almost in a line with Arab-Tabia.

The Royals and Greys in our first line suffered most from the destructive cross fire, and Lucan turning to Paulet said "They have sacrificed the Lt. Brigade; not the Heavy, if I can prevent it", and ordered the Bde. to fall back. After two successive echelon movements, the 1st line was relieved from cross fire, but Royals had lost 21 killed and wounded, or had horses shot under them; Col. Yorke's leg being shattered, he was disabled for life, and 3 other officers were severely wounded - one had his horse shot under him. Then we halted in our new position, sufficiently advanced to protect the retreat of Lt. Brigade.

[Note: At Aldershot in 59-60, L. Geo. Paget lived, with us, and many an (missing words)]

When Morris fell, Mayow led remnant of 17th (15 in all) against Cavalry in rear of the 12 gun battery. Now we could see smoke pierced by flash after flash, and round shot kept bounding up the slope. Then a dreadful quiet succeeded, and here and there riderless horses came back, then in small groups men rode back over ground strewn with their comrades & with horses struggling violently to get up.

During the retreat of the remnants Scarlet sat in front of the interval between Royals and Inniskillings well in view; he rode down a few lengths in front & passed Nolan's body & returned.

————Cardigan on his way back met Scarlet and began abusing Nolan who had crossed in

~~front of his Brigade and galloped through it screaming like a woman. "Hist" replied S. "I have just ridden over his body."~~

When Paget returned he met Cardigan, coming composedly from the opposite direction, and exclaimed "Hallo! weren't you there?" and bystanders smiled. "Was'nt I, though." Then to Jennings; "Didn't you see me at the guns?" Who replied, "Yes." A very few minutes after Cardigan rode up to Lucan and shouted "By God my lord, you have destroyed my Brigade!".

Wombwell's horse was killed under him; he caught a stray one, & joined the 4th. Lt. Dragoons; when this too fell, he was taken prisoner, but escaped; caught a second horse, & rejoined the 4th. in retreat. Capt. Morris, commanding 17th Lancers, also dismounted, & severely wounded, surrendered his sword to an Officer; who presently left him with Cossacks, - these then robbed him of all he possessed.

Capt. Morris, Commanding 17th. Lancers, who was a great friend of Nolan, ran his sword, in momentum of impact, through the body of the squadron Officer in his front, &, unable to extricate it, the Russian's body fell against him, & brought him to the ground; he recovered to find his sword extricated; struggling to his feet, he found himself surrounded by Cossacks, thrusting at him with their lances; protecting himself by constant whirl of his sword-arm, cutting at their thighs. A lance pierced his temple, splintering the bone, then a Russian Officer came up, & offered him quarter, & feeling exhausted, he surrendered his sword: the Officer left him, & the Cossacks robbed him of all he had: fearing for his life, he rushed into the nearest smoke, & caught a riderless horse that passed close by & was dragged by the rein a short distance, till he fell unconscious. Recovering, he saw a Cossack watching him suspiciously as if to see whether he were alive, & once more sought shelter in the thick smoke: here he seized another passing loose charger, & rode up the valley as fast as he could; but, just as he was getting out of the crossfire, the horse was shot under him, fell & rolled over his thigh. Regaining consciousness, he found the horse lying across his leg, & with difficulty extricated it, ran stumbling up the hill till worn out, he found himself close to the body of his friend, Nolan. Knowing that he had fallen close to our position, he felt safe, laid down exhausted, & again became unconscious.

Nolan & Morris had been great friends; &, on the flank march, agreed to volunteer for any special service: each had, consequently, in possibility of an early death, written a letter, which, in that event, was to be delivered; that of Morris to his young wife, of Nolan to his mother. They had recently exchanged these letters, & now, as they lay side by side, - the one dead, the other unconscious - each had still in his pocket the letter entrusted by the other. Pt. Geo. Smith informed Sergt. O'Hara of the spot where Morris lay, & Scarlett sent the Staff Surgeon out to bring him in with Tr. Sergt. Major Wooden; they found a trooper trying to arrest the bleeding from the scalp; presently some Cossacks, attacked the party, & the doctor, (Mouat) had to draw his sword in defence against their lance-thrusts, which he described as a novel experience. Besides three severe wounds on the head, one over parietal bone, 5 inches long, detaching a piece of the outer table; his right arm was fractured obliquely, & he had some lance wounds in left side, with broken ribs. Mouat & Wooden were given the VC.

[This Wooden received the V.C.: Four years later Morris died in India, the doctor then received it.]

Roger Palmer said he had but a slight recollection of how he passed the enemy's Lancers (Jeropkine's) - he believed in guarding a lance-thrust, & in delivering his own cut, he may have struck - or killed - a Cossack; but they were riding for their lives, & the account of a personal combat, (Kinglake, V. p 346) is inaccurate. (H.K.W. note in K.)

The 13th Light Dragoons & 17 L. were in front line and Morgan of latter says "we had not

got many yards before we were under fire, I think of heavy battery on our left, the first shot from which killed poor Nolan, a splinter going right through his heart, and his horse carried him back to us. Soon the noise of shot striking men and horses became deafening, whilst dust and gravel thrown up was blinding. The panic increasing, on we went through the thickest shower of shot, grape, canister and Minié from front and flank, men and horses dropping every yard by scores. When about 100 yards from the guns, I noted just in front me a gunner apply his fuse to the gun at which I appeared to be riding straight. I shut my eyes then for I thought that settled the question so far as I was concerned. But the shot missed me and struck the man on my right full in the chest. In another minute I was on the guns and the leading Russian horse, - shot, I suppose with a pistol by someone on the right - fell across my horse, dragging it over with him and pinning me between the gun and himself. A Russian gunner on foot at once covered me with his carbine; he was just within reach of my sword, and I struck at him, which disconcerted his aim: at the same moment a mounted gunner struck my horse with his sabre, and the animal bolted with me right into the Russian lines. I succeeded in getting out in spite of their attempts to cut me down, and once clear of the guns, I saw 2 or 3 of my men making their way back, and as the fire from both flanks was still heavy, it became a matter of running the gauntlet again.

Scarlett estimated time from onset to combat and retreat as 20 minutes. We lost some 15 prisoners; but no unwounded man was captured: Cossacks were seen killing our wounded on the field."

Cardigan addressed the remnant of his Brigade, formed up; "A mad-brained trick!", he exclaimed, "but no fault of mine." The men replied; they were ready to do it again. At rollcall, the 13th. had only 10 mounted men; all together, out of 673, only 195 answered. Later, the loss became 113 killed & 134 wounded: of 475 horses, 85 were wounded, of whom 43 had to be shot as unserviceable.

Turks again occupied No.3 Redoubt; &, as Liprandi had counter-marched the Odessa Battalions to the neighbourhood of Arab-tabia, supported by 7 other battalions & Artillery - Cathcart's attack on the Redoubts was not pressed, & at 4pm. firing finally ceased. Thus our outer defences were lost: the Balaclava plain, & Woronzoff road; & for months we ourselves were practically besieged.

As W. Russell says the sight of that great mass of light horse, broken into, driven here and there into fragments, and finally dispersed in a state of absolute disorder, was one never to be forgotten.

"The second collision between the Russians and the British Heavy Cavalry was the result of a surprise later on in the morning. Scarlett was moving his brigade off towards Balaclava. The Muscovite general, Ryoff, was leading his squadrons in the same direction without any knowledge of his opportunity. The discovery of their presence was made in time by Alec. Elliot, Scarlett's quick-eyed A.D.C., now Major-Gen. Sir A. J. E. Elliot, K.C.B., Colonel of the 21st Empress of India's lancers. He came out of the charge with 14 sabre cuts, and was returned in the despatch only as slightly wounded. The charge of the 300 Heavies, supported nobly by the 4th and 5th Dragoon Guards, and the brilliant encounter which filled Lord Raglan and the spectators with great enthusiasm and admiration, were the work of just eight minutes. Lord Lucan claimed it as his own particular charge. Just before it, there was a meeting between Lord Lucan and Scarlett, which gave authority to the statement of the general that he had a share in the disposition of the brigade."

Sandeman writes:- "Just before Nolan's death, the Royals were drawn up in line on the left of the Greys, on the S.E. slope of the causeway between the Col, on the spur where Lord Raglan was, and the westernmost fort from Kamara - No.6 Redoubt, if I recollect aright. The Light Brigade

were on our left and a little to our rear. I was riding serrefile of the left troop of the line and had edged to the left flank to see more of what was going on. We got the order to advance, and broke into a trot down the valley towards the Russian battery, when Lord Lucan galloped up shouting, "No, no; halt the Heavy Brigade, they have done their duty; let the Light go". We were accordingly halted, and the Light Brigade trotted down on our left.

As soon as they were some 500 or 600 yards in advance of us they increased their pace to a gallop, and we got the order to trot. Scarlett rode between the Greys and ourselves, Lord Lucan a little on our left rear. Before long the firing began to get a trifle warm, and Scarlett halted us. A very few minutes after, Lord Cardigan rode up to Lord Lucan and shouted "By God, my lord, you have destroyed my brigade." Pepys, who is alive (*1905), recollects this, but being leader of the troop of which I was serrefile, didn't see Lord Lucan, and thought the words were spoken to the Heavy Brigade generally for not supporting the Lights closely enough, and this he told me a few days ago. He also recollects Lucan stopping the Heavy Brigade to let the Lights go. I don't think I have said a word to Pepys about this business since 1854, and what he told me three or four days ago - it was on the 19th - was not prompted by me in any way. Whilst we were halted, and just before Cardigan appeared, galloping up the valley towards us, an explosion took place on our right. I have never heard this accounted for, and imagine it may have been an ammunition wagon, or perhaps in redoubt No.6. It was then that Yorke and George Campbell and Billy Hartopp were wounded, Robertson's horse shot and my Arab bowled over, though he picked himself up. I afterwards found his neck must have been grazed by a round shot off the hair about the size of a crown-piece, but this didn't draw blood. The remnants of the light Brigade were struggling back, and we retired by alternate regiments until we reached the ground from which we had started."

After all was over, Lord Raglan said, alluding to the capture of Turkish forts; "We held too extended a front." But that should have been found out before. (Godman.)

Prisoners were asked by Liprandi, if they had in Russian fashion been provided with alcohol before their mad charge, and they astonished him by opening their haversacks, and shewing their untouched rations, including the rum which, without breakfast, they had not had time to touch.

Our Regt. retired under the Col; & encamped for the night; &, next morning, went up on to the plateau; on ground above Karanyi: But after the battle, our dinner arrived in a filthy araba, which had been used to remove dead & wounded. (Godman)

The night was spent by myself, in our hospital, a small one-storied house with inner courtyard, at Kadykuyi, where wounded - who should have gone on to the General Hospital at Balaclava, - were deposited haphazard, & left on our hands; among them a Russian Major, brought in late, his leg shot off at the knee. We were dead tired, and after a consultation, the wound was dressed temporarily, but his moans disturbed the night till death came to his relief.

Next morning so elated were the garrison on arrival of our 7 guns and a Turkish standard, that after a Te Deum, they had a sortie against Evans' 2nd division on S part of Inkermann as we call the right of our Sapounie heights, but which really applies to the heights on N. across ravine at head of harbour leading to Mackenzies. Combat lasted 3 hours and Russians retired driven back crushed by concentrated Artillery fire with loss of 270 killed and wounded, and more than 80 prisoners. Our day was spent among the wounded.

In the afternoon Lord Raglan came down and afterwards we heard that Balaclava was to be vacated and that stores were being removed. The disabled were sent on board ship; and, quickened by over head shots from Turks on heights, we marched the rest up to the new camp on plateau to find that - at the conference - Lyons had prevailed and Balaclava was not to be given up.

Although the Russian advance was not impetuous, it was seen to be formidable, as the masses of Cavalry and Infantry which were directed towards Balaclava became visible. "Such progress had been made in dislodging the Turks from the redoubts, that Lord Raglan did not see the capture of Canroberts Hill when he halted about 8 a.m. on a spur of ground near the Col, whence he commanded the greater portions of the plains on which the subsequent actions occurred". Their Cossacks and Cavalry emerged on to the plain just as Lucan was carrying into effect a movement to strengthen Sir Colin's force at Balaclava. "The result", - as Lord Raglan states, "was never for a moment doubtful."

INKERMAN and WINTER.

Shortly after we had lain down on the following night, (27th Oct) there was a strange thud approaching, and, as it got near, a Cornet (Tom) near the door, struck a light, and began to put on his socks. His neighbour awoke and promptly blew out the candle, which Tom relighted, only to be again blown out, or the horsemen, if an enemy, would make straight for us. Tom complained that he could not find his socks, meantime cautious old B. had got up, and peeped out; horses were rushing madly through the Camp, saddled and accoutred, hut riderless, without bits, which was a relief; then with a light, Tom found his socks, he had three on one foot, whereat we relieved the tension by a good laugh.

The animals, nearly 200, were robust, serviceable ponies; they had broken loose from a strange watering-place under Kamara, for the Turks had discovered, and thrown a rocket amongst them; in their fright, they made for the place where, lately they had been quartered for some time, which happened to be St. George's, beyond our Camp. The picquet, IV.D.Gds., which should have given warning, came up in front of them., leaving their officer in the vinyard's ditch, into which his horse had stumbled in the darkness; as they entered Camp, the Royals, who were nearest the Col. up which they rushed, had turned out, and were just mounting as they arrived. The holsters containing black bread; and the oats proved useful; several were captured by our men, and my servant caught three, but next day they had to be given over to the Transport, who soon used them up in conveying stores to the front.

Then our Camp was moved to just South of Head Quarters, and early in November a new Surgeon arrived, promoted away from the Life Guards, without a canteen, knife or fork; and astonished to find that we had not brought our Mess plate. As I had again one to myself, he shared my tent, and would awaken me in the darkness to testify that he was spitting blood; he was soon invalided home, and I found myself once more in Medical charge.

On November 3rd., a man in French uniform sauntered coolly through our lines at Balaclava, smoked and chatted with all he met, and was keen as to the strength and weakness of our position; and for some time Officers expressed their opinions freely about our weak points, till his inquisitiveness excited suspicion, and then his accent seemed peculiar. So they sent to inform Sir Colin of their suspicions; but the stranger noticed the movement, and to the astonishment of our Officers, quietly sprang over the parapet and was soon lost in the brushwood below.

Between Nov.2 and 5th, the nights were very cold, keen East wind and sleet snow; men huddled together in tents and some lay across the door, where the flaps and curtains were rotten or destroyed. One case of Cholera and five other suspicious collapses, following on neglected Diarrhoea, to avoid alarming the men, were given the benefit of a slender doubt in the Returns.

On the 5th November, we were aroused at daybreak, by musketry fire, moved off through

the fog, past Hd. Qrs. towards the wind mill, and at 8 a.m. along one's front and left, the battle was at its height, hand to hand among the tents. When the Chasseurs D'Afrique formed up on our right, on edge of plateau behind the remnant of our Light Brigade under Lord George Paget; (for Cardigan lived on his yacht at Balaclava, and was now generally known as the Yachtsman), I was asked to go the front, and then went to help Toby Wyatt in the Coldstreams near Sandbag battery, my predecessor in the regiment. Returning to the Hospital with him, I remained till after midnight, for the Guards had suffered severely, and there were many wounded requiring operation; Mackinnon, had been prodded in the neck by bayonets, whilst helpless on the ground. But his shattered hip-joint necessitated a long and serious operation, at which Mouat and I assisted Wyatt; but under which he succumbed.

Four other officers were wounded and seven dead, next camp, Scots Fusiliers had eight wounded and 1 dead, whilst in the Grenadiers, my friend Neville, and two others were killed and six lay wounded. Somehow I found myself that night with a long cut on the middle finger of the left hand, the scar of which will last my life. Worn out at last, we made a tour round of the wounded, among whom was a Russian Major, who had been caught trying to shoot one of our wounded near him; and then with another Cavalry Surgeon went home. Before we reached the Woronoff Road, tracking through the oak scrubb, we met two cloaked soldiers, one behind the other, the first stopped me and asked me who I was, and where I came from, and the latest news; then thanked me and went on. I turned and asked my comrade who that was? "The Duke of Cambridge and Macdonald." The two following days were spent with Wyatt in operations, and sometime later I found myself the only one in the regiment returned for the Inkermann clasp; afterwards it was given to the Guards at Head Quarters, a mile further from the battle, and then to all intermediate troops. A clasp seemed of little value then, and to have worn it alone would be invidious.

[missing words] of the battle; on the previous night the churches in town were seen to be illuminated, and the troops were marched to Mass, and dosed with Vodka, a mixture of spiritual and spiritous. Two Grand Dukes had arrived to see us swept into the sea, literally off the Sapouné heights, which we wrongly called Inkermann, the name of the cliffs opposite, but Soimonoffs division lost its way in the fog, and, turning left, instead of deploying on the ridge between the middle ravine and Careening Creek, they found themselves in the rear flank of Pavloffs column. As for Liprandi, his attack from the valley was not attempted, and the enemy's efforts at establishing himself on the Sapouné heights, thanks to our soldier's individual bravery, fortunately failed. Not only were Officers caught in the act of attempting to injure our wounded; as the Major above, but there were so many instances of wounded Russians trying to kill our men as they passed over them in pursuit, that a Court of Enquiry was held which established, not only had they stabbed our wounded; but with indications of a strongly set purpose, and apparently with approval of their, comrades. Mentshikoff retorted, "that his people were eminently religious; they could but be filled with horror when they saw a Church which was very holy in their estimation;" desecrated, as they had seen from the forts." This was that of St. Vladimir, near Quarantine Bay, first pillaged by the French for firewood; and probably soldiers were taught that the war was a religious one, for which they had been specially consecrated that morning before the advance; the acts complained of must therefore have been due to the outraged piety of his army. Another story was that Russian Officers were found on the slopes, shot in the back of the head, presumably from intention, and probably by Poles.

At the Sandbag Battery, where a gun had been temporarily placed, to silence one on the Inkermann Heights opposite, the carnage was fearful; some 1200 Russians lay round dead and dying; the Duke of Cambridge's horse was shot under him, as also was Macdonald's in rallying his men, he was singled out by the enemy, and saved by Assistant Surgeon Wilson, 7th Hussars, who led some Guards to his rescue; for which gallant act, he received the Duke's thanks. (Remembering that the Surgeon of his old regt., was married to his wife's sister. In a private despatch to Hd. Qrs.,

H.R.H. acknowledged Doctor Wilson's services. At the Council two days later, the Duke became so excited, that he was sent on board the Caradoc.) The Guards lost fourteen Officers, killed, among them, Henry, our Guy Neville's brother.

Assistant Surgeon Wolseley, of 20th Regt., (which so distinguished themselves on this morning,) had placed his hospital at the Sandbag Battery. Hemmed in by the Jakoutsk battalion, he seized a musket, which (strange as it may seem) had its bayonet fixed, for he was without a sword, and rallying some men, shouted:- "Fix bayonets charge! and keep up hill." They answered with a burst of "Hurrahs;" sprang forward to the charge and tore away through the enemy, who retreated towards the quarry ravine.

After Inkermann, Lucan remonstrated that the Cavalry Camp was too far from the harbour, and endangered supply of forage; but Canrobert insisted that we should remain, as the presence of the Cavalry was necessary on the plateau.

We had already once moved our Camp, owing to the state of mud to which it had been reduced, specially in the horse lines, where stable duties were done in worn-out boots. Twice again we changed; but frequent rains soon caused the same result; from the lines, mud was carried everywhere; tents dating from the Peninsula, were sieves; saddlery, accoutrements, and kitbags, took up much space, and some men had to lie across the door - always partially open from wear and tear - exposed to the N.E. Wind, and during the night covered with sleet and even snow, till their feet especially were half-frozen & much friction was necessary to restore the circulation. Their clothes were always wet, and the fuel was barely sufficient for cooking.

Diarrhoea and dysentery were only too common; and absence of vegetable food gave a scorbutic taint; there were scattered about cases of Typhus in the next regiment, and several of Cholera marked by fever in which the flesh became tallowy, and (as in the earlobe) semi-transparent; but absence of the usual pathognomic symptoms, favoured them not being called by the dreaded name of Cholera, so as not to further dishearten the men.

Campbell, who had been severely shaken by his fall at Balaclava, was shortly after attacked with dysentery and during this wet time, lay in an unserviceable tent, full of holes through which the rain dribbled, surrounded by pools of muddy water; calm and patient ever in his own suffering, as he had been during the Cholera at Kotkubie; always cheerful, and resigned, it was a pleasure to enter his tent, even though Elliot should come in to have his wounds dressed. It was necessary to send him away as soon as possible, to save his life, but Days passed before the numerous requisitions then considered necessary received counter-signatures, and he could be moved to Balaclava; so he died on the voyage home, and was buried at Gibraltar. The circumstances were stated before the Royal Commission; and, I think, also mentioned in the House.

On the 13th Nov, a thunderstorm developed in the afternoon; and during the night increased to a hurricane, beginning with rain, it ended with snow. At daybreak we were effectually aroused by rain dripping through the worn-out canvas, on to our water-proof sheets, the wind increased to a gale, the tent-pegs loosened in the mud gradually yielded to windward (S.W.), and in vain we shouted for help. Our servants were immediately opposite in a tent d'Abri close under the hillside, and more sheltered; they tried, but could not stand.

As the tent lifted and flapped, and blustered savagely at the angry storm, we, my comrades fresh from London, could see tents and bedsteads being whirled away, towards the end of the plateau, over a sea of mud, in which horses were snorting, and stamping in terror, and then stampeding. Soon our own tent became loosened, first at my side; in vain my comrade shouted to the servants, they could not venture outside, so the tent followed; it taxed all our weight to prevent

our beds joining the pursuit, then with uninterrupted vision, we watched bales of hay bounding along; mess-tins and lighter articles circled through the air, and men huddled together, to save themselves, while our servants over there, were lying snug, all engrossed in keeping their little shelter overhead. The boots at my side were filling with water, but we were helpless, fully occupied in trying to keep the bedsteads down, and clutching the coverings in patience.

Outside the scene was weird, as article after article rose in the air, and bounded into or over the horses who, in terror, kept breaking loose and galloping frantically away.

When the hurricane abated and the rain turned into sleet, we struggled into our wet clothes mid the howl of the wind, and the din of discordant voices. Efforts were then concentrated on pitching a few shelters first for the hospitals Bell tents, (for our Marquee was at Varna,) then a bell-tent for us all, (Bewley's for the site, under the hillside was most sheltered), into which we all clustered for warmth in wet clothes on some wet hay.

The funny aspect of the thing kept everyone cheerful, and the chase of the horses and the hunt after scattered articles gave exercise and warmth. Soon news of distress came from all sides, of sentries frozen on their posts, of the utter discomfort of tents at Head Quarters; of Lucan (Lookon, as he was called) squatting on a box outside where his tent had been; that was some consolation, for he was not loved. Morning rose over snowy heights, with rumours of disaster at sea. Now we had to go down for watering, besides catering, for our horses were dying of starvation, and what food they get, they have to bring up themselves. Our discomfort was thrown into relief by glimpses of luxury at Head Quarters, where proper state was of course kept up; and the story goes that, when one day Bounce A.D.C. appeared in a dressing gown, the genial chief rebuked him, with "Come, come, Jack! that won't do!"

It is an ill wind that blows no one any good; a Commissariat animal, laden with casks of rum, (albeit of a new kind), was reported lying in the mud at the top of the Col; every available receptacle was at once despatched to bring in the waste liquor, specially welcome to men who otherwise were never dry.

Twenty days hay was lost on the 14th, and the next day the harbour was blocked by floating trusses and timbers. Many bodies were washed ashore. The Prince had gone outside with not only forage, but our warm clothing, and is so broken to pieces against the rocks that the bales are afloat and 10 millions of rounds of small ammunition.

The French have lost the most beautiful of their ships, the *Henri IV*, besides several transports; 30 years later, divers found the wreck in 14 fathoms, but got no specie - they brought up some Willow pattern china plates, pots of sardines, sherry and Bass beer, which burst when brought to the surface, but the sherry was excellent. In Sevastopol many houses were unroofed, as well as the naval stores; meantime "we have four men out of six, on duty, and most of them constantly under fire." (Raglan) [Huntley, Travels] Our animals were dying daily, and there was not labour to bury their carcasses.

Before the end of November, the Artillery camps were invaded by our ravenous horses galloping madly at trumpet sound of; "Feed!", snatching, undeterred by sticks and stones, hay and barley from under the noses of their own horses.

During an interval of fine weather the Cavalry moved down to winter quarters (December 1st) in the Valley between Karani and Kadikyui, sheltered from North, by a limestone ridge on which 17th Lancers encamped & along which Bosquet's division were making a road to the plateau, less steep than that up the Col, in continuation of the 1½ miles we had made into Balaclava; but

much heavy traffic was necessary before it became crushed to a comfortable roadway. From Balaclava and the sea we were shut in by a sloping amphitheatre of hills, on our west the village and upper plain of Karani, and south of this in the cliffs, the Monastery of St George. Here I succeeded in landing our Hospital Marquee, and most opportunely. On the 6th Dec, there was an alarm at Balaclava, which put us on the alert, a rumble of transport and guns, and tramp of troops roused the vigilant Turks followed by an outburst of flames from the redoubts. At daybreak the Russians were seen retreating up to Mackenzie's farm, by French Cavalry who seized the plain, and on the 20th occupied Kamara and made recognizances as far as Tchorgoun, where they burnt the huts lately built there by Liprandi's forces.

Towards the end of the month, there were nearly 8000 men in Hospital. Wrapt in wet blankets they are taken from the muddy tent and placed on horseback; a dismal troop, some as of mounted corpses, with closed eyes and lurid cheeks; some fever-stricken, glaring with wide eyes void of observation, for whom the passers-by, if they saw them at all, in their hurried glances, existed only as more of the phantoms that haunted their delirium. Bound for the great hospital at Scutari, the train would toil on wading through, and slipping past the dying horses, the half buried bullocks, the skeletons and carcasses, in various stages of decay, past the wrecks of Arabas, the men squatted with bundles who had been down for clothing they had needed for weeks past, the wagon-load of Turks, in ghastly procession, some almost dead, with closed eyes, mouths gaping and attenuated face, borne along to that yawning sepulchre of theirs beside the road, past artillery wagons returning at dusk with the forage they had set out at daybreak to fetch, and on, always through deep mire to the place of embarkation. Lying amid crowds of other sick and wounded, on the bare planks, in torture, lassitude or lethargy, without proper food, medicine or attendance, they were launched on the wintry sea, their covering was scanty, the roll and plunge of the ship was agony to the fevered and the maimed. In place of the hush, cleanliness, quiet, and the silent step, that should be around the sick, were sounds such as poets have feigned for the regions of the damned, groans, screams, entreaties, curses, the strain of timbers, the trampling of the crews, the weltering of the waves. The sick flocked in faster than the dead were carried out, till the Hospitals overflowed, while still faster flowed the misery-laden ships down the Black Sea, as they went on feeding the fishes with their dead. "Had Dante witnessed these scenes he might have deepened the horrors of his Inferno!" (* Hamley, P. 122)

Everywhere too along the roadside, one meets with dead horses, their carcasses torn by vultures, having first been skinned by the natives; fortunately the weather is frosty. Towards the end of December, frost became so severe that water froze in the tents, in January the temperature on the plateau fell to -12 degrees, and Snowdrops, Crocus and Iris were common. Our whole effective transport in beginning of 1855 consisted of 330 pack-horses and mules, and one dozen camels; more horses could not be brought as they could not be fed, and those we still possessed were dying; their carcasses were dragged into a ditch on west of the bank that divides the valley, but are so lightly covered that runaway horses, bolting straight for their stables, fell through the crust. I remember one with a trooper on his back, similarly sinking into the decomposed matter, and coming out in an offensive plight. The place was soon called The Valley of Dead Horses. Their carcasses torn by dogs and vultures were everywhere in evidence; and here and there a steak had been removed, it is said by Zouaves. Everywhere, too, along the roadside one meets with them, their carcasses torn by vultures, having first been skinned by the French and the Turks, fortunately the weather was frosty.

So intense has the cold become at night, that icicles formed from the breath, in our beards, which froze to the blanket: last things at night and first in the morning, our servants put fire in the chibouk bowls; the warm smoke released the beard. The new tents were now fastened by hooks and eyes, and after a short time, expanded by damp, it was impossible without loosening a peg to open them from the inside. This occasioned great distress, impracticability causing urgent desire to

relieve the bladder; then we found the availability of an empty meat tin.

Now clad in sheepskin coats, wool inside, we would not have been recognised at home; warm and comfortable, if they could be kept clear of vermin, which necessitated hunting even during dinner.

Then came a sensation; our whole effective strength, in front, was little more than 11,000; but we always believed that tomorrow would be brighter; our servants' comments were amusing, though sometimes doleful, but Johnson was always cheery, - at times exasperatingly so, - for no doubt, it was forced in presence of the prevailing despondency; he would quote Shakespeare, sometimes Horace or Ovid, ever apt and ready; his listeners could not understand, but they caught his enthusiasm and joined in the laugh with which he ended.

Dysentery has carried off the Rev. J. J. Wheble, who distinguished himself during the Cholera around Devno, where, in marked contrast to others, he persisted in frequenting the hospitals, the *Times* says:- "He was endeared to all who knew him, by his thoroughly good and amiable disposition, and we doubt whether those of his own faith who loved him for his devotion to it were not equalled by his friends of other persuasions, who admired him for his genial, frank and tolerant mind. Attached to the 2nd Division, we are told that, from Sir De Lacy Evans to the youngest drummer, every man mourns him as a friend. A young man well off, he, last Spring, volunteered to leave his quiet curacy at Chelsea to encounter the hardships and dangers of the war; he made perhaps as great a sacrifice to duty as any one of the gentlemen of England who have left fortune, home and friends to fight for their country in the East." [*Times* Nov: 24th]

A store was opened outside Balaclava, by Oppenheim, which became a rendezvous, where we met friends from the front, and Russell, the soldiers' friend Russell, - as eager for news as we were - soon we indulged in such necessities as compressed vegetables, the first packet I brought to camp, excited much unfavourable comment, specially as at first they were unsufficiently soaked; but so necessary was vegetable food, that on better acquaintance, they were tolerated. At Oppenheims, cases were ranged one on another, in tiers, which formed capital seats, whilst we indulged in a convivial glass of Claret, and a sweet biscuit, not ration.

A French baker, with the help of French soldiers, turned a house with two ovens into a bakery; whilst they foraged for fuel. At first he sold a loaf for two shillings; but the Commandant reduced the price to eighteen-pence; the man, - who was making an enormous profit, - grumbled, but issued a smaller loaf. Our allies had long been in the habit of bringing in their welcome ration bread, to exchange for a hard weevily biscuit, with which to thicken their potage; they foraged about for a piece of stick to help the fire, and eagerly, carried off any bit of green growth, especially dandelion, - which our men, so scurvy tainted trod underfoot, - to be turned into salad, or put in their soup; and oh, the value of an onion, full of phosphorus & sulphur, that came to us in those despised German Vegetables! We were, however, well off, compared to the men in front, who had often to eat their ration uncooked. Coffee, hitherto served out in green berry, - to be roasted as best we could, in little brass cylinders, generally into charcoal; - began now to be issued ready roasted. In February, the '*Ermina*' arrived with supplies from the Army Fund, and established a Depot at Kadikuyi, a bazaar of huts and tents soon formed on left of the hill, as we descended from our camp; for many were expelled from Balaclava, owing to its filthy state at Lord Raglan's late inspection.

One night (5th Jan.) a sharper frost than usual, with thermometer down at almost 21o our brigades lost 60 horses; the valley became known as that of dead horses. Others have not been less fortunate; the 9th and 63rd have each lost a Lieutenant frozen to death, and Artillery Officer (Captain Swinton) and two of the 98th smothered; whilst many others have been half suffocated by charcoal fumes. Meantime we were busy housing for the winter, of which the night frosts warned

us. They also render digging more difficult, fuel has to be got from vine roots on the hill behind, and our tools were worm eaten and fragile from long years in store. Burnand ("Scissors") returned from Pera, among Officers, recovered invalids or on leave, who say they found no one to give them passage back, so numerous that a Staff Officer had to be sent to hunt them up. (The Major of course and MacNeile did not return.) He shared my tent, and we dug out a space for a hut for the two, but with tools rotted by long storage, frozen ground, and the almost impossibility of assistance for such unaccustomed labor, we made slow progress. Meantime our horses went down to the wharves to drag up timbers, slung ignominiously on each stirrup. But the ridge-pole was not strong enough for the hole, and in despair, we had to dig out two smaller separate ones; there was no one to suggest splicing, for, as yet Ship's Officers were not visitors; later with a large pole, the place was fitted as our stable. Four Officers and many N.C.O's preferred wintering in their present tents, rather than undergo the fatigue of digging; throwing a spare tent over their own.

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Next us were the Greys, then towards Kadikoi the Iniskillings; across the ditch above us lay the Royals; at a right angle on our left the Light Brigade under the hill, and next the 13th Light Dragoons was the 4th Dragoon Guards close to the road leading up to Mrs. Seacoles. One day as Scissors and Sandeman were chatting across the ditch, Russell of the *Times* rode up, and the latter warned him off, "We want no News correspondents here." Years after both had a hearty laugh over the reminiscence.

This valley is divided by a bank with a broad ditch running across between us and the Greys, which gradually became filled with dead horses, just covered with a thin layer of earth. Into this one after noon I witnessed one of our men fall, horse and all, which benumbed by the cold, had broken away as they were returning from watering at Kadikeni, and had taken a beeline home; both were woefully besmirched.

Our cooking was still of the simplest, everything went into the pot, in which the utensils were packed. The broth was taken out in cup-fuls as soup, - one got to tolerating floating globules of fat, - though Duck was objectionable. Suet pudding, tied up tightly, in a helmet cover, would not, till we learnt to loosen it, turn out tender. Now that we are near Balaclava, and within reach of the transports, we foraged for anything they had to sell, and enjoyed a civilised tiffin, so the Cook was sent for. The query was, 'how to roast over a ground fire, so as to avoid the mess of duck, or goose, and tahook (fowl) etc., all being boiled together?' He suggested making a gridiron with an iron hay-band., to keep the meat from touching the bottom, pouring over an inch of water and on it a bit of grease or oil to prevent evaporation; which baking proved a success and a relief. No more boiled duck, but a live larder, with food for the kettle, picketed and awaiting execution. They were certainly very good to us, those sailors, ever ready to help us from their surplus stores, with ham or preserves, (of course on payment,) and gladly next morning we sent ponies to the wharf at 6 a.m. that the skipper and his friends might take a look at Sevastopol, which proved to be a long continuous gallops; for days after, those ponies needed repose.

In the next Camp, the Colonel picketted a goose too temptingly to his tent-peg, for on the morning of the dinner to which he had invited some chums, when wanted for execution, it had disappeared. That evening, strange to say, a mess in the neighbouring Camp, were unexpectedly gratified at seeing a baked goose put on the table.

I had brought out skins of glaze, hard as glue, a slice of which made excellent soup, but this was reserved for invalids. One skin was brought home unused, and when in 1867 I married, it proved as good as ever, though stigmatised "dead Russian".

Soon after in my hut, - a hole 4ft. deep with a ridge roof resting on a ledge which served for a shelf, - I was aroused one night by a weight on my chest and was surprised at feeling a furry object. Daylight disclosed a black Persian cat which had come down the ventilator, & with all her kind had been turned out of Sevastopol. Though never partial to cats, it was evidently a pet, so I decorated it with the brightest thing available, a blue ribbon from my neighbour's cigars. Unfortunately his chum, Ferguson, (known as Sarah) had a white terrier, who objected to the new arrival, and on the second morning, attacked poor pussy whilst breakfasting under my table, outside the door, and made its life so unbearable that pussy fled to parts unknown.

The weather continued frosty, and we took exercise with pick-axes, rooting out vines on the hillside for the excellent fuel they afforded; and they burnt slowly. We were now provided with fur coats (rabbit) skin inside which were warm and comfortable as they were unsightly, and proved an excellent harbour for fleas.

On the 31st a man dressed in Light Cavalry uniform, appeared in front, and made himself agreeable in one quarter and another and was accepted as an Officer; he sauntered through our trenches and was very keen in his desire for information about our batteries, specially the Lancaster Guns. Having satisfied his curiosity, he inquired whether the enemy would fire on you if you showed yourself, and then volunteering to experiment, he sprang over the parapet, and after a few diagonal shams, bolted for the battery opposite where he was received with hearty welcome. He is supposed to have used Fitz-Gibbon's uniform, whose fate at Balaclava has not yet been cleared up. So bootless had the men become, that they were supplied with Turkish foot-gear, which soon proved useless, for they absorbed moisture and rotted, and were so badly made, that uppers and soles soon came apart; nor was it easy to get a large size. It was distressing to see men almost barefoot in the mud, and as Johnson's big feet could not get covering, I bought him long sailor boots, which as he afterwards acknowledged won his heart.

So when my old servant broke down with rheumatism, Johnson temporarily took his place, but when it came to invaliding, I asked J, whom he could recommend? "Well Sir," he replied, "if you are satisfied I am." He made an excellent help, always cheerful, under direst circumstances; humming and singing, his spirits seemed to rise as those of his comrades fell. He had appeared in Orders as Lance Corporal but declined to be answerable except for himself, and when the Captain wished to take him as groom, he refused; I was therefore not prepared for his advent as a servant. Scarlett wished me to take a Cornetcy, but it seemed a pity to forsake the plough to which you had put your hand, and especially to exchange the noble one of medicine for a destructive profession. I sought advice from another Cavalry Assistant of longer experience, who agreed with my views; but a short while after I saw him in the Riding School; he had asked the General to make him the offer in my place.

The Senior N.C.O. in each regiment now received a commission; as the Adjutant was in our troop mess, the late Regimental, began his round of dinners with us, who messed in my tent. Scattered through the Camp were a few gooseberry bushes, not yet trodden out of recognition, but so formidable, did they loom up in the elation of the moment, that our guest found one impassable. His excuse next morning was he thought that was the condition in which Officers ordinarily went to bed.

A Sanitarium had been established at St. George's Monastery, within a pleasant ride beyond Karanyi, where the family of the Russian Assistant Commandant of Balaclava, and several other

families, had found a refuge. Not till you approach the edge of the Cliff do you catch sight of the cluster of houses nestling in over the sea; houses terrace and church, set in ancient poplars, and an irrigated garden like a suspended oasis, mid a majestic theatre of bare and dark basaltic rocks. The only entrance is through a door and stairs cut in the rock; a stream runs in front of the house, many occupied by Russian refugees, and trickles into a stone basin, poplar shaded; below lie terraced gardens and small vineyards. On either side are lofty precipices 1000 ft above the sea; the huge overhanging rock to E— being at the entrance to Balaclava.

The long range of low buildings, and its green domes, resting on a masonry parapet white as the cliffs it seems to hang upon, faces the sea. We descend by stone steps to the terrace; on the left is a bold head-land, Eya Bournouna, (sacred promontory) upon which once stood a temple of Diana; the view beneath is broken by Ash and Poplar trees. The Church is said to have been founded in 10th century, and the Church built in 891 by Greek sailors, saved in a fearful storm by St. George, who appeared to them and left them his portrait, which was taken to Marionopol in 1779. Till 1794 it was subject to the Patriarchate of Constantinople whither its archives were removed.

The steps on the left led down to a terrace, on which is a long storied building, one room of which is used as a chapel, surmounted at the end by a three-storied tower. Here the monks, black-robed, with tall rimless headgear and veil falling behind, chant their services, which we often attended, though we could only distinguish the Slav: "Lord have mercy," in their Litany "Gospodi, Gospodi, Parmilui".

Descending further we reach a lower terrace with a two-storied residential building, beyond which is the square Church surmounted by a domed turret, as usual, green. The formation, formerly supposed to be serpentine of great age, is recent basalt; the rocks are built up of perpendicular hexagonal prisms, and from their appearances have led to fruitless searches for gold; in the ravines, however, jasper and bloodstones abound, and the rubble is peculiarly varied in character; there are also quantities of black sand in the crevices of the hard granite rock. Lava is also said to have been found and there are traces of iron ore and coal.

Cyclopean remains exist on the site of a temple of Diana; the palace and garden which contained the famous Golden Fleece had looked thence on the sea, and in the valley below Media (Medea) gathered the enchanted herbs which restored vigour to old Jason and so astonished the people of Colchis. Across a gully that led to a cove used as a bathing place by the soldiers, lay a ridge which might have been the roof of a tunnel; but the many footsteps at length wore away the soil of ages, and it became apparent that this was a huge Saurian which had in some way been swept across the gully, and there became fixed, and his skeleton, hidden in Jason's time, was now laid bare. (Hamley 214.)

The Officer who had charge of the Commandant's family (Major Stomati, sent to England as prisoner of war) two years later married one of the daughters.

From the sea these cliffs are said to be tinged with lovely colouring, the iron-bound coast with rare beauty, soft lemon, dark reds, and richer bronzes, and purple shadows, broken and softened by pearly greys in most effective combinations.

When the news of the Czar's death on the 2nd of March arrived, it was sent on to the garrison, but was not announced till official authentication had been received, which informed them that "He had passed into life eternal, the supreme chief of the orthodox warriors from on high blesses their unequalled constancy and valour," which shows the new Tzar to be equally warlike. With March came Spring, and everywhere abundant vegetation; Junipers are common over the

hillsides, the almond is in evidence, and vines spread their branches independent of support, on all the slopes, out of all the holes in which they are planted; so that all our excavations in search of fuel do not seem to have made much difference; I hope not. In Balaclava, Karani and other neighbouring villages, there are numerous wine presses. The wild briar and thorn are abundant, but fences here are unknown only an outside ditch with bank, along the top of which dry brush-wood is roughly scattered.

With brighter weather sports were inaugurated by Dog Hunts round Karanyi, and a first Spring Meeting there. The low hills which partly conceal the village of 15 houses, with its square church and Grecian portico, were crowded with horsemen, the newly arrived X.R.H. rode about glorious on their unrivalled Arabs, mid the throng, and followed by a staff of her own, "glided the lady of the camp *, - cynosure of all eyes, - by that exquisite air de Marquise, and the ease with which she sat her horse." French Officers, Heavies, Hussars, Guardsmen and Highlanders, all in high spirits in the bracing air, formed a brilliant throng. After some flat racing whilst the hurdles were being prepared, the luncheon tents were occupied. (*Wife of a Hussar P.M.) [Mrs. Fannie Duberley]

No sooner had we formed up for one race, in which Sandeman was mounted for his Colonel, and a chum in the 17th Lancers had asked me to ride for him; than a shot in the valley startled us; jockeys and spectators rushed pell-mell towards the edge of the plain to find out what had happened. But there were no developements, the race came off, then another, and the sport ended with a dog-hunt. A party of some 12 Russians had approached our vidette at No.4. who fired, whereon ten galloped back; the two who came in were Poles; they had persuaded some newly arrived men who accompanied them that the vidette was Russian, till we fired at them. They then made a dash, as they crossed the plain of Balaclava were now fired at from the Russian redoubts: not to be accused of theft, they sent their horses back to the ridge, where they were set free. One officer who had been degraded for political reasons asked to be sent anywhere save back to Russia. He lived for some time at Head Quarters, told very amusing stories and sang good songs; then it was rumoured that he was identical with a spy brought before Colonel Packenham dressed in an English uniform, who had been caught trying to escape.

Early in April to our great regret, General Yorke Scarlett was summoned home through the serious illness of his wife but he never ceased to take a fatherly interest in the regiment he so long commanded; George Paget takes his place.

Our pickets in the plain have been strengthened, and a strong patrol guards the front of Kadikuyi at night, for on the hills beyond the redoubts the enemy's watch-fires at night can plainly be seen, and according to Polish deserters they have been largely reinforced. On Easter Day (April 8th) the French had a grand Mass in each of their camps, a novel and imposing spectacle.

Some Irish Nuns, and Anglican Sisters sent on by Miss Nightingale, arrived at Balaclava, one of the latter got fever and I went to see her daily. Finding that the nuns left her at night-time, I strove in vain to persuade them, that they should break their rule in such a case as this, and nurse their sister nun throughout the night. She recovered, and shortly after I had a recurrence of diarrhoea, due to absence of vegetable food, and perhaps in some degree to the presence of Cholera; but I could not be spared sick, nor give any Officer, - self included, - a glass of Port. Medical comforts were not for Officers. When absence caused inquiries and the ladies heard I was indisposed; a bottle of port was promptly sent up, and the first glass restored me effectually. One of them gave me a Christian Year. Five and thirty years later we found her high up in one of the Orders, having become a Catholic a few years after her return to Plymouth.

MacMahon, an old Iniskilling, Q.D.S. on Lucan's staff now joined in succession to Scarlett,

and was temporarily housed in the newly erected second hospital hut, not yet equipped. A draft from home also arrived with Major Thompson (Dickey) who was temporarily accommodated in a 'dugout' hut near the Hospital. That night some of Ours, accompanied by some Iniskillings with whom they had tried to pass a cheery evening, in passing noticed that the light was out and I must have gone to bed. Forming a circle round, each collected stones, and then at a signal, fired a volley that suddenly rattled down on the roof with a succession of concussions that would have aroused the seven sleepers. But as I determined not to be disturbed they went on and drew Dickie who had retired in peaceful ignorance, & awoke indignant - and unwisely showed himself at his door in night attire. Recognizing one of his besiegers, - too listless to stoop and collect ammunition, cigar drooping from his mouth - (years afterwards he died of paralysis) "D'ye see d'ya know, Major B. D'ye see, to-morrow morning, you know, orderly room." One of the active assailants called on the neighbouring sentry to "arrest that lunatic wandering in his nightshirt;" whereon Dickie retired, and promptly blew out his candle. Next morning he complained to the Colonel who had slept soundly; but as neither he, close to the scene, nor others of us who had retired were disturbed, the matter was dismissed.

There came also Now came a welcome addition in three former Cavalry Officers, Synge Hutchinson, Captains Richards and Hibbert, afterwards a great companion, fond of archaeology, and of high Church tendency. The Captain who, originally should have come out instead of Campbell, appeared with the draft; accompanied by a private servant and a valuable service of plate; always anxious for my company, whenever he left the Camp, but his stay was short, he was subject to mild seizures.

An elderly mulatto from Jamaica, Mrs Seacole, wished to open a restaurant at the end of the Light Cavalry Camp, where the lower road ascends up towards the Col., but her intentions were misinterpreted, she was refused; later she established herself higher up on the main road in an iron store and some shanties. Here her charity soon belied her unprepossessing appearance; with a taste for doctoring and nursing. She combined the business of a settler. [sutler] Convoys of sick halted and were cheered with warm refreshment, later she came on the field at Tchernaya with comforts for the wounded, she developed as a philanthropist and soon became a general favourite and on great occasions appeared in the brightest of ribbons. Her business however did not prove lucrative, for peace - sudden and unexpected - brought bankruptcy, meantime however, she developed as a philanthropist, and soon became a general favourite.

Early in May Miss Nightingale paid us a visit, and went round the Hospital; she was not in good health and had to lean on my arm. After visiting many of the Hospitals, she said she was gratified at finding matters more hopeful than she expected; our new hut is now equipped and occupied, and everything showed favourably.

Florence Nightingale's first patient was 'Captain' sole companion of her father's shepherd, Robert Snelgrove, a lonely old man and a special favourite of hers. One day the shepherd was found alone, the dog was suffering from a bad foot & was to be destroyed that evening. "Missie" escaped from the Squire, found the dog stretched on the brick floor with a swollen leg. She lit the ready-laid fire, boiled the kettle, bathed the dog's foot with her handkerchief until the swelling had decreased; and attended him daily until her first patient was restored to his delighted master.

On the 19th April, there was a grand recognizance across the plains; the X.R.H., recently arrived and encamped with the 12th Lancers above us near Karanyi, taking part, with 7000 Turks. Before 7 a.m. we approached Kamara; a French rocket troop and the X.R.H., and C Troop R.H.A., were in advance behind the line of skirmishers. The morning was clear, and as the troops crossed the plain the scene was very fine; the X.R.H., on their showy Arabs, Turks in dark, and Chasseurs d'Afrique in light blue jackets, with white belts, and bright red pantaloons, also on grey Arabs;

Raglan and the Staff.

The plain was sprinkled with flowers, anemonies, sweetbriar and a snowdrop, (*G. picatus*) larger and stouter than ours, and broader leaved with two plaits running from base to near edge of apex, and fragrant; first mentioned by Clunius;-- (*Hist. rarior. Strip. Can.*) as a bulb received in Constantinople in 1592, but lost. (*Pallas Fl. Ind. Taur.*) Wild parsley, mint, thyme, sage, and asparagus, are scattered about, and there is a white hawthorn. Tufts of rich long grass mark the mounds over those who fell on the 25th October, of which, evidences were abundant and painful; a skeleton, supposed of the Royals,- was lying under Canrobert's Hill, with tattered bits of his red coat still hanging on to the armbones, but the buttons had been removed; and close by was one of a Russian.

The Turks advanced up to Kamara, where the Cossacks, after firing a few shots, retired; one of them came back for his lance which he had left against the wall, but a 71st Officer galloped up and was the first to seize it. Canrobert's Hill is covered with Russian shelters, some recent, others partially burnt when Liprandi retired. Passing No 1. and 2. redoubts, towards a steep conical hill covered with loose stones, near the top of which the enemy had thrown up a loose breastwork, behind which they had been watching us; Turkish skirmishers advanced with rocket troops suddenly an arch of thick white smoke rises from the ground with fierce hissing sound, rushing like a huge snake towards the crest, then a slight explosion, and the Cossacks disappeared. The Staff went up to reconnoitre, and at 2 p.m., we returned home.

Two Turkish divisions from Kamiesh passed our Camp to Kadikuyi, a picturesque and warlike spectacle; many of the Officers wearing decorations or medals, the seniors richly draped and mounted on spirited horses, with handsome saddle-cloths, and attended by pipe-bearers and servants. The men were young, and looked smart, each one carried a blanket, Prayer Carpet, and cooking pots. The six-horsed batteries with brass guns were on right of column, and baggage mules in rear: rich standards blazed with cloth of gold, and flags of different colours emblazoned with star and crescent. Later some Sardinian Lancers landed and marched through, smart and handsomely equipped on wiry horses, they kept cheering till they began to wind up the hill to Karanyi, where they made a pretty camp; tents d'Abri, supported at each end by their lances with waving pennons. Soyer has come out from Reform Club, to teach us how to utilise rations, very necessary considering our difficulties with the pudding, which tied tight in a helmet cover, never became eatable. At his leaving there was some chaff about preparing an epitaph for a man so self-assertive, in the event of his being killed, when someone suggested "Soyer tranquille!" After an investiture of the Bath at Head Quarters, he held a different reception in the Guards Camp, where a row of kitcheners prepared tasteful viands out of our rations.

One day he honoured us with, a visit; he galloped up like a General to the saluting post, attended by some French Officers, who kept carefully in the rear, his white bournous streaming in the wind, with silver-striped blue overalls, gold braided vest, and red and white kepi. Whenever met, even though riding with a General, he was ever foremost; but not good at walking, his visits to the cook-houses were hurried. At lunch he became entertaining, and, full of self-assurance, gave us some useful hints, which really effected an improvement in the salt ration, by showing how the addition of a little sugar sensibly masked the saline flavour. Then the good-natured round-faced little chef rode away.

At daybreak on the 25th May, Canrobert crossed Traktir Bridge, named from the little Inn close by, and drove the enemy out of Tchorgoun destroying their huts and camps. The gardens here are full of apples, plums and grapes, clustering overhead; and many willows are drooping over the Tchernaya. Sardinians, with cavalry and artillery, have established themselves on heights upon French right across the road to Baidar, whilst a strong force of Turks from Eupatoria have

reoccupied their former position along the Redoubts. Thenceforth the plain is open to us; full of long grass and flowers, it forms an agreeable interlude to visits to the front, where the interest becomes daily more intense.

The Tchernaya is deep here, as it emerges from the rocky gorge, and part of the stream is carried over an aqueduct which enters Sevastopol through the Inkermann gorge, - crossing the aqueduct into the valley of Tchorgoun by a pretty wooded dell, with numerous poplars and fruit trees, and fine walnuts, which made Karlooska a favourite resort. The Sardinian sentries allow us to pass, and we ascend the wooded hill, - there are numerous camp fires and small parties of men who became scantier as we near the top, and can get a good view in front; not having reached the advance picket, we again went on, and reconnoitred with our glasses. A sudden flash in front drew our attention to a signal station on an eminence, and immediately after-wards nearer, we noticed a picket springing out of the brushwood. A short council of war decided that they looked like Cossacks; leading our horses leisurely we turned back, and with one glance that saw the picket holding their horses, we descended out of their sight, then we mounted and raced back again, past smouldering deserted fires, to be stopped by sentries at the river, who refused to allow us to pass, until authority was obtained. Then we learnt what we, (Tom, Ferguson, I and a fourth) considered should have been communicated in the morning, that the Sardinians had withdrawn their outposts in consequence of Russian reinforcements.

Sergeant Franks who recovered from Cholera at Kotlubei in which the characteristic symptoms, - facies hypocratica, with severe cramp - were present, was attacked again in June, cramp and collapse again very marked. The minister came to see him, and although we considered him unconscious and incapable of hearing, - that his nurses should not be depressed, - I took him outside for a safe distance, and in reply to his enquiry of hope, told him there was none. But we procured a bottle of champagne and I gave him a little, drop by drop slowly, and as it was swallowed, after a time, a few more. The pulse had certainly rallied and by the evening he was better, but the champagne had disappeared, and his friend the Pay Sergeant, who was nursing him, had drowned his own terror. Franks was sent to the new Convalescent Hospital at St. George's and thence to Scutari, where, after rejoining his regiment, he had a severe attack of Spinal Meningitis, and was sent home.*

(* "The men of the V.D. Guards will never forget your kindness, and devotion to your duties, and in my own case I have always considered that my delivery from the second attack of cholera was due [missing] Divine Providence, [missing] evidence to your careful attention and skilful [missing])

Towards the end of the month Lord Raglan who, although conspicuous by his one arm, I had seldom seen, fell a victim to Cholera, and soon after him Estcourt the G.S. The chief, conspicuous by his one arm and easily recognized, was rarely seen abroad; late in January he had ridden through the Cavalry Camp to visit the harbour. Raglan's body was embalmed & sent home & his heart was buried in the garden, - as was also in the North End, the body of General Estcourt, who had died just before, also of cholera.

Crossing the plain we (Ferguson, Tom, I, & another of us) rode to the scene of the Light Brigade charge; to the right the Fedioukine slopes are dotted with tents of the Chasseurs d'Afrique mid scanty oak scrub so common everywhere. On the other side the Sardinians have prettily made their camp a bower; the front of a small tent is lifted up as a shamlanah, and boughs are grouped around to form an al-fresco gourhi.

Baidar is a very picturesque valley and the scenery by the way, magnificent. The Woronzoff Road, - a credit to the Prince, - after leaving Kamara on its right, descends into the Vale, through which flows a small affluent of the Tchernaya, crossed by a stone bridge then ascends through a

series of passes, clothed with beautiful foliage above which rocky boulders, protrude and overhang the trees. Winding round spurs of hills, - the river here and there visible below us, as it glides over rocks embedded in verdure, - we descend to bottom of the pass, as the road widens through the more open ground. Ascending again to the mouth near Varnoutka, the landscape opens out and we see the wooded hills of Baidar, and the village looted by Cossacks and deserted. It was found bare even of the necessities of life, not a Tartar, nor any living thing to give animation to the scene, but the wild vines trailing from the large ash trees that overshadow the roads underneath the stiff fox-glove and struggling nightshade, midst which birds are flitting.

The few Tartars we have met are round-headed, with high cheekbones, in Astrakan porkpie hats, rarely a fez, which is more picturesque; their features are good, sometimes handsome, with fair complexions tanned by sun; probably therefore descendants of Greek and Roman colonists. The Turkish camp is pitched on sloping ground in the centre of a vast amphitheatre formed by surrounding hills, enclosing flowery meadows studded with groves of trees, flanked on either side by batteries of Artillery. Tents nestle under the shade of fine trees in rear of the guns, themselves concealed by brushwood and foliage, mid fields of grain. The sentries are shaded by a mushroom-shaped shelter of brushwood on a pole; behind the rows of piled arms is a long gallery constructed of boughs, under the shade of which the men spend the hot hours of the day; drums and bugles are piled up, and in the background is Omar Pasha's tent, surrounded by larger ones for his staff, and stabling.

From Varnoutka, the road runs along the valley of Baidar through beautiful woods and fields, with abundant pastures, now being utilised to renovate our cattle, till we have time to halt at the Kiosque or hunting box. Three Tartar villages give life to the landscape, with their low red grooved roofs, whose people bring in pipes and tobacco.

Here also embowered in foliage, the X.R.Hussars are luxuriating, and on a gentle eminence, behind them is the village of Baidar with red hollow tiled roofs, and two minarets, one of which is tottering. Its one street is full of tall Tartars, and children squatting and lounging about; women glide like spectres out of high palisades, round hovels, outside which are pumpkins, arid patches of luxuriant tobacco; inside these gardens again were courtyards full of hayricks, where mares and foals are being driven round to tread out the barley.

On the 9th July, 1855, the Division was made into three Brigades, Lawrenson has ours, Lord George Paget the Lights, and Parlby of the X.R.H., the Hussars. Cholera having appeared at Karanyi, and as there is fine grass at Baidar, our Brigade was about to be sent out there; before the move was made, however, it broke out severely at Varnoutka in the X.R.H., and instead they were recalled. As the Russians have been reinforced there, that we may not lose the harvest the French will collect it for our common benefit. They reconnoitred beyond Baidar on 21st and through the Phoros Pass, and many of us took advantage of the opportunity to revisit this beautiful scenery. For some reason our best scavengers the Vultures, have disappeared, and the road was tainted with dead cattle, landed in a emaciated condition, and too exhausted to reach pasture ground. Next day a squadron each of Light Brigade (4th, 8th, and 17th) were sent out under Colonel Peel to Baidar, to aid D'Allonville in protecting harvesters from two Russian Cavalry regiments in the neighbourhood.

Battle of Tchernaya

Through the indiscretion of the Emperor Alexander II, we were warned of the attack on the Tchernaya, by information sent out by Henry Grenfell, Lord Panmure's private Secretary. Early then, on the 13th August large Russian Reinforcements were reported to have arrived, and deserters warned us of an attack by Gortschakoff on Balaclava. Soon after midnight we were in the saddle, but nothing came of it, and we returned at daybreak: the attack was delivered at dawn on the 16th,

French and Sardinians on the Fedioukine heights and we went out into the North Plain and were drawn up on ground of the Light Cavalry charge where rank grass that horses spurn, marks the graves of horses and men in a field of flowers, ready should the enemy break through the gorge.

Past the Fedioukine heights the road runs across a two-arched Traktir bridge up to Mackenzie's farm and Simpheropol, and the northern bank slopes steeply down to the aqueduct and river, which has also another bridge higher up at Tchorgoun, defended by four divisions; on their right Sardinians held the Fedioukine heights above Tchorgoun with Turks in support at Kamara.

A patrol of Chasseurs d'Afrique in the darkness, encountered the enemy advancing 60,000 strong, - including 6000 cavalry and 20 batteries from Mackenzie's farm; and galloped in with the warning. They advanced in an imposing line, followed by men carrying a portable wooden bridge, and a variety of entrenching tools, and as they slowly descended, our guns played on them with effect. The Traktir bridge was held by Zouaves, and here the conflict was stubborn, and the Russians left large numbers of dead. Crossing the river and aqueduct in several places, they attacked the Sardinians on the heights where a breastwork kept them at bay for nearly an hour, - till overwhelmed by numbers the Sardinians were driven out. To us in the plain behind the redoubts, the battle was clearly visible; an English battery from Balaclava gave help, its figures silhouetted on top of the hill against the clear sky. The enemy now brought up guns, and from summit to northern slope, attacked the French on heights to our left. As the skirmishers advanced in groups, there was thought to be a chance for a charge and we were advanced into the gorge, but the risk being considered too great, we were withdrawn, for in spite of our eagerness, Pellissier, for fear of the Russian batteries, - which might have been captured, - would not allow of its gratification.

(* "I must point out to your Excellency the rapidity with which General Scarlett's cavalry came up, the martial appearance of these magnificent squadrons betrayed an impatience, which the happy and prompt result of the battle did not allow me to gratify." (Pelissier.)

From our present position the skirmishing on the hill was a pretty sight, but the Russians - firing too high as usual - did little damage; the Sardinians again scaled the heights and drove them before them and out of the breastwork. By 10 o'clock the enemy was defeated, the Imperial guard, supported by 10,000 men, held the Traktir bridge to cover retreat, and at 2 p.m. the Russians retired altogether. They lost 3 guns, 66 Officers (including 3 generals) 300 prisoners and nearly 8000 men. The French loss was 400, and Sardinians 200 killed and wounded. A letter was found on one General's body to O/C. Sevastopol, requisitioning provisions for troops he had brought, and in reply, Oosten-Saken told him he would find abundant supplies in Balaclava.

In the afternoon, four of us rode over the field; the enemy kept firing on the French ambulance from guns in the mouth of the gorge beyond the Tracter bridge, we had occasionally to take such shelter as we could find; at one shot, we rushed to the little bridge, just as a second sounded unpleasantly close.

The Russians were miserably clad; their boots were worn out: they were tall and stout, but of forbidding countenance. The wounded were ghastly objects, sitting up among the dead and uttering suppressed moans; large numbers of them were struck in the head, fired on from above; a bit of marshy ground across the river was found full of them. Soldiers were busy rifling the dead especially for tryptichs, and even clothing, and an English Cavalry Officer's wife was conspicuous among the looters. [Duberley?]

All round were figures with the arms as if still holding the gun, - even when fallen on their faces, - but there was nothing ghastly, any traces of blood were at once obliterated by the dust. But though the battle was over shot and shell became so hot that we had to race for the Aqueduct bridge

for shelter; the French helping the wounded are shot before our eyes, and some of our surgeons who were rendering assistance, were working in danger.

The Aqueduct banks were strewn with bodies dragged from the stream, and the wretched wounded, were huddled together, two and three deep, mangled by grape, to whom a drop of water was a Godsend. Prisoners told us they had been short of water on the plateau, and were urged to the attack by promise of a drink at the Tchernaya, - few of them could have had a chance, - and now the poor fellows are reaching that arid plateau again more thirsty than before. They were massed together under the hill in charge of the French sentries, many wounded, all badly clothed and dirty, some almost in rags. For two days bodies lay on the ground, till under the flag of truce, a burying party came down, - when so great was the stench, - that the task proved loathsome. The Russians buried all on their side of the river, the number - never known - must have been very great, for their ambulances were full of wounded, fallen when they retired in dense columns under grape (&) shell fire, not only from the French in rear, but also from their own guns on an elevation up the gorge. During the battle the enemy made a demonstration towards Baidar; the French cavalry had retired during the night of the 15th, Aug and occupied the ridge on which Count Tigrasky's villa stands at entrance of valley, while the infantry protecting the passes, fell back on the hills above Biuk Miskomia. Whereon a party of Cossacks came down and looted what had been left in Camp; bullocks, biscuits, rice and 140 loads of hay.

Gortschakoff attacked by express order of the Tzar, from whom a letter was received before the advance; watching from observatory at Mackenzie's farm, whence a birds eye view took in our camps and even the shipping in harbours, he gave orders for the retreat before he heard the result, which he guessed from observing the French tents still standing on the heights. Among the curios were some excellent rifles with sword bayonets mostly purchased from Zouaves who had won them by their bravery: in spite of orders, loot was brought in bagsfull to Balaclava for sale.

The Vale of Baidar, for more than 10 miles offers a delightful ride through diversified pastoral scenery. At the end of a straight road from village to base of gorge, where it seems to stop abruptly it turns sharply up the hill on right in zigzags, affording a splendid view of the valley. Whenever on this route, we pass strings of mules, pack-horses or Arabas, loaded with loot from deserted country houses around, furniture, crockery, albums, pictures, cushions and cooking utensils, and wine, for sale; sometimes escorted by soldiers with the excuse that the heterogeneous collection belongs to officers; for the Br. Cavalry picket at Phoros refrains from interfering with our allies.

Now we leave the luxuriant vegetation, and the last curve brings us to the highest point the Phoros gate with Doric pillars and square gateway, beyond which the road descends rapidly by another series of zigzags, - under beetling limestone precipices 5-800 ft high of fantastic form, which border the sea and sink sheer down into deep water. Some of our ships are covering this road with their guns, to protect it against an enemy advancing from Alupka. Detached boulders lie scattered here and there, evidence of the stormy avalanches which in 1786 swallowed up the village of Kutchuk Koi, leaving a yawning gap where once it stood close to the little village of Kikinies; Above us tower precipitous peaks, bright in the sunlight; below is the blue sea, and strewn about in wild profusion lie huge pieces of stone precipitated from them over the rugged bank of debris which slopes rigidly down to the water's edge, or project further into rocky promontories.

The succeeding time passes in a series of alarms, a renewal of the attack was expected; as the Tchernaya was now shallow and almost everywhere fordable, a small epaulment was built upon front of Traktir bridge, and three redoubts, one on each side and a third in rear to enfilade them; the Sardinians also entrenched their camp in consequence of continual reports of Russian concentration.

The railway is being extended from the Col, to Kamiesh, and also across the plain to

Kamara, whither the Highland division are going out. H.M.S. "*Leander*" and "*Diamond*" are moored by single cable, and the "*Triton*" held in readiness to tow them outside, where their guns would bear on the Marine heights. During this tension, in nightly expectation of attack, the Cavalry turned out, over 3000 sabres and lances, into the plain an hour before daybreak.

The Turks held their Kurban Bairam Feast on the 23rd August; at the hour of prayer, the whole Battalion is seen at their Namaz. Each has a space cleared for the purpose, some with only a stake fixed in the direction of Mecca, or a little minaret is constructed with sticks interwoven with brushwood. They set a wonderful example prostrating themselves in prayer at sundown, regardless of the jeers of the British Christian who seldom kneels for such a purpose himself.

This, the greatest of Mohammedan feasts, commemorates the sacrifice of Isaac. In every house by the Modir, in front of guard-house by Commandment, and in Barracks by the Captain of each company, a sheep is slaughtered: the last four days are holidays, spent with sweetmeats, in visiting and well-wishing. In Constantinople the Sultan goes in procession from the old Seraglio to one of the nearest Mosques for morning prayers, and returns to hold a levee of officials; and pilgrims sacrifice on Mount Arafat near Mecca, whence the day (9th of Zu Chadjeh) is called Arafat.

Shortly after one o'clock on the 30th Aug, the camp was alarmed by a terrible explosion, in a French Magazine near the Mamelon, where a shell from a mortar crashed into a tumbril discharging powder and ignited the cartridges, which set fire to the magazine. With a tremendous roar nearly 7 tons of powder rushed up in a volcano of fire shattering everything around, blowing 40 men to atoms, and scorching 100 others.

For the 6th time on the 6th September, we opened fire on Sevastopol. On the morning of the 7th a strong north wind brought the smoke and dust from the town into our faces, so that the amount of destruction could not at first be ascertained. At 3-30 a three-decker was on fire with ominous glare, and at 11 p.m. there was a great explosion in the town. Near Karabelnia facing our right with a Camp in rear stood what was once the Round Tower, since the first bombardment, in ruins: this has been converted into a strong Fort and more than once we have gone up to Cathcart's Hill in expectation of an assault on the Malakoff, as it was afterwards called.

Malakoff, a Purser in the navy, discharged for swindling and drunkenness, an outcast, started a grog-shanty on this bare stony hill, burial place of suicides, and convenient to sailors' quarters in the Karabelnaia; it became known as "Malakoff Hill."

On the 8th September, a French storming party paraded at 9 a.m., and ours an hour later, - everything was quiet, when at 11-30 the fierce bombardment, began, from embrasures till that moment purposely concealed. In anticipation, all who could get away were up at the front to see the storming of the Malakoff.

Early that morning, a strong force of Heavy Cavalry under Hodge, 4th Dragoon Guards, moved up and formed sentries from Cathcart's Hill on both sides, to prevent passage, except to Staff Officers and those with passes, and another line of sentries in rear of camp to prevent spies amongst the sightseers from sending information. A strong gale prevented the ships from approaching the lea-shore to assist.

Shortly after noon, the signal was given by the explosion of two mines close to the counterscarp, and in the smoke and confusion Zouaves and Chasseurs, rushed over the short interval of jagged ground ploughed by shells, and jumped down into the ditch and scaled the damaged sides without ladders. The Russians, completely taken by surprise, were driven out and slain, at the

moment their reliefs were coming up, and their guards being changed; a general was seized at lunch. The French followed the retreating enemy into the Redan.

Shortly after the signal, our storming party attacked the Redan across 300 yards of open, scaled the works and found only 5 men but were immediately confronted by Russians retreating from Malakoff and ammunition beginning to fail, and supports did not come up, were driven out. Stones, loose grape, broken musket-stocks were hurled down from the top of Traverses.

At 8 p.m. the enemy quietly began to withdraw having first stored combustibles in the houses to make a second Moscow. At 12-30 the Highlanders in front of Redan were surprised at its silence, and volunteers crept in to find only dead and dying; and fearing mines they came back. At 2 a.m., flames broke out in various places, and at 4 a.m. a terrible explosion behind the Redan, followed by four others, enveloped the town in smoke. At 4-45 the magazines in Flag staff and Gordon Batteries exploded, and soon after 5 a.m. Quarantine and Fort Alexander also followed with an eruption of shell that burst in all directions. Up to 7 a.m. small scattered explosions followed and soon after flames ascended from Fort Nicholas. At 9 a.m. there were several violent explosions opposite the French on our left, by which time the town was a mass of flame, and the French were already inside looting, for by 6-45, the last Russian Battalion had crossed to North side. Explosions continued throughout the day. Covered by columns of flame and smoke of the burning city, the enemy retreated across a channel that should have been commanded by our guns; in face of a powerful fleet carrying off his principal stores and munitions of war, sinking his ships, and blowing up his forts, and when he had crossed in safety at 8 o'clock withdrew the bridge.

Next morning few sights could be grander and more suggestive than that of Sevastopol burning. The domes of the spared Churches illuminated by the blaze, and the north east wind wafting up the columns of dense smoke, red and yellow relieved by black from the flames below. On the west a mass of fires, and we went up with the troops to form a cordon round and keep sightseers out. Everyone was eager to get into town, risk from the frequent explosions notwithstanding. We met fatigue parties carrying up the bodies of officers, and soon encountered soldiers and sailors laden with loot, clocks and utensils of various kinds, pictures, even portable articles of furniture. But the cavalry cordon after 11 a.m. prevented all entrance except to Staff and those on duty, and caused all plunder to be deposited for future sale. Most of the valuable articles had, however, already been carried away by the French storming party, who were met laden with gaudy parasols and boots, light furniture, kittens and fowls and droves of pigs: by 7-30 in the morning there was loot for sale, stuffed chairs were sold for 1/-.

In the Redan one wondered at the immense labour involved, in passing trench after trench, at the covered ways and advanced parallels, perilous positions occupied for months; at the distance beyond, 280 paces, every foot under heavy musketry fire from parties in the ditch, and behind the embrasures; the ditch 15 ft deep, and counterscarp more than twice as high. Burying parties are carrying away the dead and throwing them into common graves, but many bodies are still lying about. In the heavy traverses are field pieces which poured grape shot, beyond a wide deploying space open towards the town, beneath recesses covered with heavy beams which afforded shelter from the hottest fire. Piles of loaded shell and grape canisters were left in the magazine. Pickaxes and other tools were scattered about among shreds of uniforms, mostly red, old Russian clothing, odd epaulettes, ram-rods, broken sponges, odd boots, evidence of the desperate struggle. The dead remained as they had been struck, many with hands clasped in agony. So pressed had they been for gabions that ships tanks had been brought up and filled with earth. The shelters showed evidence of permanent occupation; shoe makers, and carpenters tools, quantities of chairs and tables and the usual rude sacred pictures on the walls. In a corner, - luxuriously furnished nook of the Commandant, - cosy bedstead and toilet articles and glass; a music book with a woman's name had been found here, and a canary in a cage.

Careless of the powder, (there was some 328,000 lbs, over 146 tons in the place,) lying about in all directions loose, and of risk of fuses to mines, soldiers were lounging about recklessly smoking while explosions were frequent; so we went on into the town along a street descending straight to the harbour, many of the houses were without roofs, and all were greatly damaged, but inside several were signs of recent occupation. Some were ornamented with pictures from the "Illustrated London News", writing cases and other articles were left on the tables. The soft stonework everywhere showed marks of the long bombardment, - in places balls have penetrated to some depth. As usual our gold-braided forage caps, - mistaken for Staff, - drew fire, and it was therefore advisable to go singly, and watching the Star Fort, to rush for shelter into a house the moment a flash was seen.

The streets are unpaved and narrow, and many of the houses but a mass of broken stones; from the rows of pillars and columns in several places some of the buildings must have been pretentious. One house we entered had been a Jewish home, and we brought away a portfolio containing a few pictures, and portions of a Hebrew letter.

The Dockyard buildings and 3 old steamers moored to the Quay are still burning fiercely, and we were warned not to approach the Forts, which are probably mined; but it was impossible to remain in any one spot, for shots from the Fort across the Harbour would bound up the narrow street; so we came away and crossed towards Malakoff, following our advanced parallel, strewn with grape-shot, musket balls and shreds of uniform, down to bottom of the deep ravine that lies between, & came to a narrow road, not distinguishable from our lines, which runs through an old cemetery into the French parallel which took us up the opposite slope to front of Malakoff, over the ground scooped out into innumerable craters 2-3 ft deep, by shells which buried themselves deep and then exploded.

Here the parallels advanced to within 30 paces of the ditch whilst shafts for the 2 mines were easily pushed forward up to the scarp; now they are receptacles for the dead, one for the French and the other for the Russians, an enormous pile. Over the ladder-bridge by which the French had crossed the ditch, we made our way by a sloping path into the redoubt; here were no less than three traverses inside, bomb-proof, like those of the Redan, and capable of sheltering 3000 men: Each commanded the other, with communicating passage, small and easily defended: The 1st Chasseurs and Zouaves who stormed it are still in possession.

Inside, the sight is terrible, pools of blood, dead and dying in heaps, covered with swarms of flies, the smell already noisome, - torn clothing, shakos and caps, swords, bayonets and bags of bread pieces of shell and cartridges, heaps of shot, cooking tins, and loose powder, scattered about in indescribable confusion.

The ground in front of our trenches is paved with sunken shot, within them it lies thick, from 68 lbs to grape, jagged pieces of shell are rusting all over the place. Scarcely had we reached the Windmill before Fort Paul with its slow fire, exploded, and masses of stone were hurled into the air, and a dense vapour, said to have a sulphurous smell hovered over the site, and precipitated in white powder that fell in flakes. Fort Nicholas is still smoking, but eventually the fuse failed.

Sixty two prisoners were taken by the English, many drunk or asleep mid the ruins, all in rags and almost bootless; they are exceedingly tractable and make excellent servants as long as they are not allowed to get at rum. Since the war began nearly 1000 of them have been employed at Head Quarters. One Polish N.C.O. of great use as a spy, joined the Foreign Legion at Varna, and at Odesa was recognised and shot as a deserter.

In the assault Colonel Handcock was mortally wounded, and his wife who was in camp, in her anxiety, wandered down the valley of death, and met the bearers bringing him up on a stretcher. Captain P. (of the 90th) made a sketch of the scene inside the tent, the wife in a chair on right of the door anxiously watching, the pallid face propped up on the camp bed to the left, and the moon in the distance flooding the scene with its pale green light; so painfully realistic that the artist had to alter the likeness.

On the 20th September medals were distributed, and it was a comfort to feel that the whole regiment got the Inkermann clasp, of which for a time I alone was noted. Then the Guard at Head Quarters a mile in our rear, were eligible, and eventually all troops in reserve, but we don't like the ribbon, - many recipients were not on the field at all. The clasp for Balaclava too, is shared by whole divisions of Infantry, who were not engaged. The anniversary of Alma was commemorated by high festival; the French had a grand military Mass this morning, which H. and I attended, in thanksgiving, and for the repose of the dead, (ours we had buried and forgotten) a most impressive, though in some ways an ostentatious spectacle; it was however, a recognition of the God of battles.

On the 25th we hear that biscuits are to be issued again, - there is no flour to be obtained nearer than England, and our daily requirements of corn for animals alone is 280,0 lbs. Abundance renders foraging visits unnecessary, and beyond rides into Baidar Valley, and shooting parties after quail which came down with the north wind, there is little excitement. We miss the incessant noise of the guns, especially in our sunken huts, where earth conveyed the sound. It is also becoming dangerous to visit Sevastopol, though this is losing its novelty, for the removal of woodwork and the demolition of houses has so bared the place that the enemy now vigorously shell any group they see. Accidents are so frequent, a smoker for experiment dropped lighted ash on some powder he noticed on the ground as almost everywhere, and he and the neighbouring sentry were blown up. As the floor was also covered with cartridges, which strangely like the shell and loose powder had not been removed, the fire went on by leaps and bounds to the magazine; the explosion blew out the wall of central barracks, and the dry wood-work in a short time was ablaze, lighting up the sky to a great distance. Next morning all that remained of the fine Imperial Barracks was a mass of charred stone. The Russians at once plied the place with shot and shell. Thus 30,000 cartloads of wood for fuel was destroyed. Wonderful that there are not more accidents, vast quantities of powder loose, and in cartridges lie about in all the batteries and quantities of live shell whose fuses are simply open wooden tubes, without caps, so that a spark would explode all the shells which generally are also nicely embedded near magazines.

As no one wished to spend another Christmas here, urgent private affairs are summoning home everyone who has sufficient influence. The Naval Brigade headed by two bands, marched down on the 22nd Oct, with pets, an owl and a cat, tethered on horseback, and banners from Sevastopol. The town itself is coming up to the camp piece-meal, beams and woodwork, locks and sheets of lead and copper, and even the stones for hutting.

On November 13th, the main road to central Depot, 6¹/₂ miles from Kadikeui is completed, - 30,000 tons of metalling laid down in 7 weeks, a bequest to posterity. As labourers, engineers say our soldiers are not equal to the French, and are far inferior to the Russians, and that Irish and Scotch regiments do not know how to handle tools.

On the 15th November, Codrington had a grand review of Artillery on the plain; Sardinian and French Officers among the crowd of spectators. After this Hibbert and I rode over to the Church of St. Vladimir of whose desecration the enemy had complained after Inkermann, in front of right French attack, and which they had dismantled. Going down from the plateau we could see the guns on Fort Constantine opposite, and keeping a watchful eye on their movements, lest our forage caps should draw their fire, so as to separate and move on one side, in case a shot might be drawn, -

a shell coming towards you looks like a black speck against the white smoke of the guns, and if visible for more than a second is coming straight for you, but here we could plainly see the gunners.

The roof had been demolished and all the woodwork carried off for fuel; the walls are also much injured; the bell was lying down broken to pieces, there was silver in its composition and we each brought away a fragment to be made into crosses. The ornaments on the graves in the Churchyard were many of them broken, - there were several kinds of marble, besides other stones, and we loaded our haversacks with specimens. Then we left to ascend the long winding road, knowing that those gunners behind were watching, and if they suspected we had been robbing their church, would certainly fire. They seldom wasted a shot on a solitary individual, but two on horse-back within close range was tempting, so we hurried, glancing back often, not quite sure whether we were justified in our afternoon spoils.

Suddenly on our left, from the very centre of the English camp a tremendous explosion shook the ground. For the moment we were staggered, was this the end of all things, or had a volcano opened?! Then burst forth a column of flame 300 ft into the air, spreading out as it rises and expanding at the top into large round masses of smoke above a volume of flame, out of which with a rumbling roar darted burning timbers, and above this, shower after shower of rockets and shells, that fell and exploded within radius of a mile around, as we afterwards heard carrying with them fragments of horses and men.

Then battery after battery behind us blazed forth and we spurred on for shelter, curious now to learn what had happened; we went for some distance before a solitary French soldier could explain. Then we heard that their siege magazine had exploded, blowing down adjacent huts, shattering hospitals, ambulance and everything around. The fire reached some of our shells and rockets which gave another explosion, they were falling for fully 2 minutes, and would have been more serious, but for the presence of mind of Artillery Officers, who mid the flames, removed the shell and placed blankets on the Mill (whose roof was blown off) stored with 300 tons of powder. Fortunately the rockets and shell, mostly Moorsom in our park were out of range.

It was fully two minutes before the volley of shells ceased and there were sudden explosions for an hour afterwards. Huts in new Kadikeui 3 miles off, were struck and damaged, and a horse killed. So great was the concussion in Balaclava and in Kamiesh that the ships quivered and the houses were shaken; Mules and horses 7 miles away, broke loose from fright. In the pass at Baidar the noise was thought to be peals of thunder.

In the short space of time 400 perished, some killed at Kamiesh much beyond our position; - over 45 tons of powder (100,000 lbs) exploded. Had we had courage to look round, we should have seen the Russians jumping in the parapets, in their extreme surprise. To the right of the Light Division Officers and men were blown to pieces, or frightfully mutilated among the ruins; scorched and blackened limbs with tattered bits of uniform. Codrington is said to have started from his chair, "Gone at last!! evacuated north side!!" Not until after 7 p.m. was the conflagration put out.

In a stone heap at the head of the Col not far from Head Quarters, gradually reduced by being carried off for building kitchens and huts, on 26th October an old coin was found. Excavation found a building 30ft in diameter, in which was a well, narrow at mouth and expanding downwards: Opposite is an upright slab surrounded by a wall, differing from the rest with stones regularly cut in Greek (architecture) style. Some brass coins marked on both sides with a cross, points split and inclining downwards; heaps of broken jars, some bones of animals, and figure of a man's legs: Evidently an ancient burying place.

The R.E. have succeeded (Nov. 15) in driving in 3 Bactrian camels which have been roaming about down in the Valley of Death since we commenced the siege; they were sent down to Balaclava for shelter during the winter, and there at Christmas, the youngest was frozen to death. The survivors moved up to the front in Spring, and on morning of capture of quarries, a baby camel was born to be brought up on biscuit, of which it was very fond. They were employed in transport, in arabas, and with pack-saddles, bringing up stores, or carrying down (125 lbs) bales of sandbags into trenches.* During the winter of /55 one of the old ones died, the mother was turned adrift, and the young one brought to Chatham, in /56, and in November sent to the Zoo.

(* Old camels often went without, for four or five days, though taken regularly to water. They were rationed as Battalion horses, 9 lbs of corn and 10 lbs chopped straw occasionally mixed with a little hay.)

Hibbert and I regretted that we were unable to visit the caves of Inkermann where St. Clement, - on whose day I was born, - spent his martyrdom. The cliff is of soft sandstone easily worked and contains several caves, some supposed shelters of Troglodites, underground dwellers, of whom there are numerous old grottoes in Southern Crimea, as over Balaclava, inhabited by monks as late as 1794.

In such caves, crosses and altars have been found, showing they were refuges of Christians, during the persecution of Justinian, whose Roman coins were also discovered, and others of the 3rd and 4th century. Steps hewn out of rock lead to Church of St. Clement, the front with narrow balcony and 3 windows with a little square one in angle above, like a picture of church and campanile stamped on the rock. The Church had a portico, nave, transept under dome and vestry, and stone sarcophagi containing bones of saints. Balcony and furniture are much riddled by shot. An inner staircase leads to campanile.

From these crypts in face of cliff, a flight of steps cut in the rock leads to a ruined fortress on summit, remains of the once prosperous city of Kalamita, mentioned by Venetian traveller Barbato in the 15th century, and known to Tartars as 'In', (cave or krypt), and 'kerman', castle. A Russian priest Lyzloff in the 17th century says some of the crypts were like bird's nests inhabited by Greeks. Of the village nothing remains.

[Do not include → (Telfer Crimea 1. 23. H. D. Seymour 'Russia on Black Sea.')

Clement who succeeded St. Cletus 92-3 was exiled to Chersonesus by Trajan, - here he found 2,000 Christian exiles in the marble quarries, among whom he worked such miracles, and made such numerous converts, that Trajan on being informed, sent Arychideamus, with full powers, to exterminate the Christians. He ordered the Pontiff to be thrown into the sea, with an anchor fastened to his neck, 3 miles from land. Clement's disciples Cornelius and Phobus, when the people could not recover his relics, besought them to implore God to indicate where his body lay: the sea receded and they followed and found the body and beside it the anchor: For 200 years after, the sea used to withdraw on the anniversary of his martyrdom, leaving a dry path for the faithful to visit the site.

* Lauds November 23rd. Antiplion 1. Whilst Clement was at prayer, there appeared to him the Lamb of God.

St. Ephriam martyr Bishop of Cherson, St. Gregory of Tours, Peter de Malibus, and many other trustworthy authors, relate that the miracles wrought by St. Clement during his exile, and after his death had such an effect that the inhabitants of Cherson all embraced the faith, so that neither Jew nor Pagan was to be found in any part of the country (Bosco). After frequent excursions of

barbarians the Christians were eradicated, so that before the 9th century, the whole country was repopled.

The spot where Clement lay was forgotten, until discovered by St. Cyril, who found the tribes knew nothing of Clement, but he applied to George, the Bishop of the Diocese, and they agreed to search, & sailing on a calm day they found the body and the anchor. Cyril having deposited the relics in the Metropolitan Church of Pontus, set out on his mission to the Chazaris and having converted them returned to Constantinople bringing the relics, and thence to Rome, where Pope Adrian went out to meet them with the clergy and people. (Ms Blurb) Gaudentius, who assisted at their deposition in St. Clement's Church, says they were the instruments of many miracles.

The Russians returning to Balaclava recovered treasures we little thought were so within reach; one asked the Commandant to let him search his house of half-ruined masonry, raising the window sill, brought out an iron box full of gold and silver, - his daughter's dowry, which, lest his wife should make away with it, he had concealed. A quantity of Church plate, silver forks and spoons, pearls and jewellery, had been thrown down a well and covered with offal.

Ultimately we left behind us in Crimea, 126 well-filled cemeteries, for what object? Ostensibly some Turko Russian dispute over the keys of the Holy Places, which did not concern us, possibly to consolidate a French Empire; the only advantage being to establish not that a Sardinian in power. (not that but a Sardinian in power. ?)

WINTER AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

At the end of November we embarked for Scutari and the Light Brigade for Ismid further South; to prepare for a spring campaign. Our winter quarters were around a Summer palace for Imperial Archery and field sports, at Haidar Pasha, at the foot of a long narrow Turkish cemetery with central walk between tombs under stately cypresses, reaching to Scutari. The Palace a wooden building of two storeys with lofty and capacious rooms, surrounded by vineyards, was occupied by Divisional Staff, Inniskillings and ourselves. Our beds were ranged upstairs down a long room, the breadth of the building. Across the Courtyard on South, a door led into an oblong enclosed, garden at the end of which was the Harem, also a wooden two storied building, used as a hospital, till one night there was a conflagration, and out of the burning buildings we had to remove the sick across the plain to the large red Barrack on Bosphorus used as a General Hospital.

In this great cemetery repose half the generations of Stamboul. Some of the tombs, mostly of white marble, are beautiful, inscribed with verses of Koran, massively gilded on light blue ground. The name only is inserted without the eulogy so common at home; headstone carved, with turban or fez to denote rank and occupation; women's tombs are denoted by lotus leaf painted green, or a circlet of roses beautifully gilded on some bright color. Many graves are covered with marble troughs filled with earth and flowers, especially roses. In this lonely solitude and weird silence, yashmaked women seem to pass much of their time. Most beautiful little pictures of Stamboul, of a long stretch of sunny sea, perhaps with a glimpse of an island, through vistas from highest parts of this cemetery, framed in dark cypress. Hither the bodies of Moslems are brought for interment in Asia, embarked at the stairs called Meit-is-kelli, Ladder of the dead - owing to the prevalent belief that one day they will lose CP. They are very superstitious, and recall a curious coincidence of names. CP was taken and lost at different times by persons of the same name. The Latins under Baldwin obtained possession, and under a Baldwin were driven out. Rebuilt by Constantine, son of Helena, and made the seat of the Empire, in Patriarchate of a Gregory, it was taken and the Greek Empire destroyed under Constantine, son of Helena, and in Patriarchate of a Gregory. The Turks got possession under Muhammad and are firmly persuaded that they will lose it under one of the

same name. When the Greek insurrection broke out, a Constantine was heir to the Russian throne, and the Patriarch's name was Gregory, the latter they hanged, the other abdicated; but the fatal combination of Muhammed, Gregory & Constantine, is a sinister omen to their power in Europe.

In the Forum Tauri stood an equestrian Statue - of whom is not known, - on base of its pedestal is a prophecy in Greek. "It contains a history of future events, that Russia should storm the city." [deletion]

Another pillar is named by the Turks Daikili Tash, or the Burnt Stone, because it has suffered severely from the conflagrations which consumed the houses in its vicinity; and to keep it from separating into many fragments, into which it was split by the heat, it was judiciously bound together by metal rings. It is composed of a base of marble and eight blocks of red porphyry, each ten feet high, and twelve in diameter, ascending originally to the height of one hundred and twenty feet; the joints are concealed by bands of laurel leaves, and the whole resembles one solid block. When Constantine had abjured Paganism and made Constantinople the capital of the Christian world, he erected this pillar to commemorate the event, and inscribed on its base that the new city was placed under the protection of Christ. [deletion] About forty years ago a great fire in the neighbourhood consumed all the houses about it, and did the pillar further injury. It stands in a quarter of the town called Taoukbazar, which formerly was the residence of European Ambassadors, and was just opposite the hotel where Busbequins lodged.

The original Byzantium stood on apex of the triangular site, where now is the Seraglio; & extended over the four eastern Regions of the later city. Grateful to the moonlight, through which they ward off a night attack by Philip the Macedonian, the inhabitants adopted Diana as their tutelary deity & the Crescent for their emblem, which was adopted by Constantine, & retained by the Turks.

in patriarchal style. The Squire had become interested in a young girl in the Kitchen, and had a pane put in the door that he might watch her, then she was appointed fowl keeper with the sole duty of feeding the chickens, and educated. A former ancestor Gilbert, had married into this family of Corbun of Studley (Warwick) and Chillington, - a daughter of Peter C-.

Sgt. M. Franks who had a second attack of cholera in June, was in January /56 seized with numbness in the right buttock and thigh and great prostration, but recovered; three weeks after, strong titanic convulsions extended from trunk to whole body increasing for an hour and then subsiding, leaving a tenderness over spine which only slowly disappeared. He was sent home. Early one day, many years later, crossing the Square at Piershill, the T.S.M. met me, we were alone, and asked if I remembered that bedside scene? "I was perfectly conscious and heard every word but could, not make any sign. I even heard you answer the minister's anxious enquiry, and I knew you were wrong".

The Sultan was present at a series of fancy dress balls, which were evidently to his taste; a children's ball was followed by one at the British Embassy: the Sultan arrived on horseback, - for the streets were not suitable for carriage traffic -; Our ambassador, a relation of my chum Montgomery, is known as the great Elchi, as was thought, out of special compliment; but it simply means Ambassador in distinction from Minister Plenipotentiary. The band of the German legion played in the corridor, & that of the Italian opera, in gallery ballroom. The Sultan was received at foot of the stairs by His Excellency, who led him to the throne room surrounded by the Corps Diplomatic, whose ladies were then presented. He left at 11 o'clock, & shortly after midnight the supper room was crowded; here Pashas of enormous proportions, anchored as near as rotundity permitted, to the tables, & drank freely of champagne.

The village of Kadi-Kuyi occupied the shore to our S.W. whence this curved Eastward round the point to a Phanar or lighthouse, and thence on South towards Ismid. This village of The Kadi, of which the greater part was recently burnt, is on a site of ancient Calchedon, where the 4th General Council was held. Beyond on a promontory is the Phanar and near it a fountain under a grove of plane trees, which ever flows into a large marble basin, whence are some pretty glimpses of Princes Isles and Olympus in the background. This is evidently a favourite walk for one evening as we were returning we met three European ladies and someone suggested testing whether Orientals understood the language of flowers; we therefore, gathered some and deposited them one by one, ostentatiously, on a prominent stone near the path, and then furtively looked back to observe the effect, but the ladies, now following us passed them unnoticed.

Calling shortly after on our Consul at Broussa whose family were residing at Kadi-Kuyi, and admitted, by a servant who afterwards re-appeared as lady of the house, we were ushered up to a little divan on the landing, where a narrow table filled the space between three broad couches. The ground floor of all these houses is used as stables or outhouses of some kind. The ladies we at once recognised as the walking party; they persuaded four of us to take a vacant house higher up, where we would get a fresh sea breeze, cooler than in the Palace; my servant Johnstone volunteered to cater and cook, so one evening we had some Turkish and other neighbours to dinner, and he managed so well that one dish puzzled us; was it brains? No. but cauliflower en rissoles.

Here we learnt how to make Café à la Turque - into the saucepan, much deeper than broad, put tablespoonful of water and lump of sugar, boil and then add tablespoonful of coffee fresh ground and roasted, immediately.

But before we moved the Harem was burnt down; it happened late one evening, when the patients were in bed; a short affair of alarm, conflagration and magnificent bonfire, and result a smoking mass of burning wood. The men were removed to the General Hospital, a large red building on sea side of plain that slopes down from Scutari.

Then Tom and Godman went to the Holy Land and three of us endeavoured to get to Broussa, where the Consul would entertain us. The voyage and the scenery among Princes Islands to the distant mountains was delightful. From middle of the harbour we contemplate the finest panoramic view to be seen on earth. "Venice strains out from the steadfast land, and in old times would send forth the Chief of the State to woo and wed the reluctant sea; but the stormy bride of the Doge is the bowing slave of the Sultan. She comes to his feet with the treasures of the world - she bears him from palace to palace - by some unfailing witchcraft, she entices the breeze to follow her and fan the pale cheek of her lord - she lifts his armed navies to the very gates of his garden - she watches the walls of his serail - she stifles the intrigues of his Ministers - she quiets the scandals of his Courts - she extinguishes his rivals, and hushes his naughty wives all one by one - so vast are the wonders of the deep". (Kinglake) (A. W. Kinglake, "Eothen": Chapter III : 'Constantinople')

Down the Hellespont how past history flashes before you. Hero and Leander. Themistocles, Alexander, Xerxes; then we pass to the Castle of the Dardanelles and into the Trojan war. Cyclades of Propontis, ancient Demonesia, isle of spirits. Here Irene who put out Persons eyes to reign in his place, was banished by Leo's successor; founded a monastery and built a school for Princesses. They are nine in number and about 10 miles from either shore.

The Morea is asserted by the Greeks to be associated with Morus (Mulberry) whose leaf its outline somewhat resembles; it however, comes from a Slavonic root meaning the sea - the Sea province. It is full of Slavonic place names, which the Greeks are trying to Hellenise. They likewise are trying to Hellenise the capital of Bulgaria into Sophia, (with short i) though that letter is long Sophia, and was apparently derived from the name of a Bulgarian tribe, dwelling in its

neighbourhood.

When we read of the successive Muhammadan raids, when all the able-bodied Greeks of Macedonia and Thessaly were, without exception, carried off to the slave markets of Asia, and the girls to a worse fate, so that the land remained barren and the Turks had to colonise it with Asiatic Moslems; it seems hard to understand how any inhabitants are of the Greek race. Ethnologists affirm that only in the islands and in the Morea, are they now to be found.

Everywhere the Turk is distinguished by his fez, protected outside if necessary by the turban; in performing the namaz his forehead must touch the ground, for which a brimless hat is therefore most convenient.

The surface of the water almost still over which coveys of birds like grey plover, sometimes in large numbers, were flying straight as swallows, and incessantly without seeming to rest or turn, popularly believed to be "les ames damnees: Memnonise Aves of old, they belong to the shearwaters, (Procellariae) the Puffinus Yelcouanus, allied to the stormy petrel - from St. Peter as they seem to walk on the water - called by sailors, Mother Carey's chickens, Mater Cara, the blessed virgin, whom mariners invoked, in danger; which follow the wake of a vessel and skim the surface of the water for food.

Disembarking at Karamusala, we could not procure horses, a great wedding was being celebrated and everyone galloping about, or rather pirouetting on horseback and firing in all directions with much shouting; we had therefore to wait and return by our steamer. But we walked over the hills, and descending, noticed that the hop was wild and luxuriant. Presently we encountered a Greek sportsman, he walked from tree to tree, they were all small, and fired at any little bird he could detect in the branches, who was generally more frightened than hurt. He welcomed us and offered to show us round the village below, where we got some fruit and country wine, and afterwards heard that he was a waiter in one of the Hotels at Constantinople.

We lived in one room, sleeping on the bare floor, mid unsavoury odours from beneath, and abundance of fleas, so that it was a relief when our steamer came back. One, who had retired from a Lancer regiment and been granted an emergency commission was so impressed with the luxuriance of the wild hops, that he was anxious for us to return and settle here and join him in cultivation of it for the home market.

We returned to find the Palace burnt down with much loss, which we escaped, but Godman had lost everything. When the stoves were removed Fitz (Innisillings) retained his, and as the piping had been taken away, sparks soon set fire to the dry wood-work.

A fascinating and accomplished Irish lady a connexion of the Consul's. Miss Theresa L. (Longworth?) came to stay, on her way to the Crimea, where she met Yelverton of the gunners, and became united to him by a Scotch marriage, and afterwards by a priest in Ireland, for she was a Catholic. Yelverton, become Lord Avonmore, repudiated both ceremonies, and married again; a jury found both ceremonies a valid marriage, but the House of Lords on appeal, pronounced both to be invalid. The Major succeeded to the title and was suspended from further Military service; his son by the last ceremony died of enteric in the Soudan.

So many Nurses married that Miss Nightingale one day found herself in a dilemma, no less than six including some of her best, one morning presented themselves and declared their intention of getting married, backed up by six prospective husbands in uniform.

When the K.D.Gd. came out the mother of one of the officers, whose brother was a friend in

the Guards, asked me to look after him, but as he took Jack Mytton as his exemplar it proved difficult. One evening at Pera H(ibbert) and I were returning from a late service in the Armenian cathedral, when we passed a salon and went in to see what was going on.

Round the green baised narrow table were seated gamblers of various nationalities, and in walking round I encountered Jack, and promptly asked him what he was doing there, "And what are you?" he replied - whereon somewhat conscience smitten we went home. He once for a bet at Mess rode in marching order up to Arthur's seat and stayed the night there, and on another occasion in the same kit he swam the canal outside Portobello Barracks, Dublin, but he did not repeat Jack Mytton's feat of riding upstairs to the drawing room; He is reported to have ridden up the stairs at Chillington into the drawing room for a bet, so we were told at the hall. The stairs at Chillington were however broad and ascended from a roomy entrance hall.

Jack's model was a familiar character in schooldays. He had married as his second wife, a Giffard, and was remembered at Chillington as a daring horseman, but very foolhardy, and in one thing my friend did not follow him. Mytton began port at breakfast and got through some four bottles or more, a day, and naturally died of D.T. in the Kings Bench.

(Mutton till changed to Mytton in 1554 by Thomas M.P. for Shrewsbury.) Jack had been was- left fatherless at two years old, for no father in latter generations lived to see his heir come of age, and was wild at ten.

[GAP: MISSING PAGE?]

pagne, the liquor that is not wine. Shortly after a similar function graced the French Embassy, a little further for us to go.

Hibbert & I commenced a series of explorations; we visited the Mevlehvi Dervishes at Scutari & having taken off our long boots & swords, were received by a boy of 12, son of the Sheik, & next in authority, vested in a long robe fastened with a girdle. Whilst enjoying a smoke & some delicious coffee, the Sheik Imaum, representative of Pir, or founder, came in; a portly old man of benevolent aspect, but somewhat asthmatical; by his green turban wound round the Kulah, or Taj (a truncated conical hat of buff felt) a descendant of the prophet. He was very hospitable, & after a chat about the war, we were ushered into the Mosque. Its centre is partitioned off by a low railing, the floor beautifully polished; communicating on S.E. by a gate with the Mihrab, whilst through another opposite, the Dervishes, eleven in number, enter one by one & station themselves like statues against the pillars which support the screened gallery for women. On a matted passage outside, where chairs had been provided for us, are numerous Turks in every attitude of bowing & prostrations. Presently the sheik enters & gravely takes his place on a carpet (seggadah) just within the gate, close to the Mihrab.

After some prayers and prostrations, a tambour and Nail (a flute open at each end) peculiar to the Mevlehi - in the gallery, strike up a triple measure, modulated on a few notes, pathetic and tender, gradually increasing in tone. The brethren throw aside their kirkhas (cloaks) displaying a green habit with very wide skirts and filing singly past the Sheik, at once begin rotating in an astonishing manner; eyes closed, the arms extended in a wavy line, right pointed upwards to the heavens, the left to earth, and the head inclined slightly to right. The wide skirts expand picturesquely into wide circles. They move from E. to W. on left foot, pushing themselves round with the right "in quasi mystic circle", mid profound silence, mentally reciting their zikir (commemoration) which consists simply in a continuous repetition of "Allah"!

This is accomplished by a step in which the left toe is continually placed and replaced over

the right; whilst the pivoting is effected on the heels almost without quitting the same spot. Meanwhile the Kulah points to zenith a cap of supposed celestial origin, for the soul of Muhammad is supposed to have pre-existed in a vase of light, of this shape, in the "Alem i Ewah", (world of spirits) Kubbeh, or summit, means summit of sphere of Universe, the point of truth which allows the wearer to see & know all things, (Brown, Dervishes, p.192)

The cone was in Egypt the distinctive headdress of great personages & the Roman Flamens wore a conical cap (Aeneid VIII. 664, Livy VI, 41. Seneca 17.6.) Plutarch says that Flamines was a contraction of Pilamines, from their cap.

Weird music, revolving Dervishes, the Sheik placid and absorbed, and the devout Moslem audience; above painted women partially concealed; a grotesque scene, yet amid such reverential gravity that ridicule seemed out of place. Truly these Mussalmans are not ashamed of their religion. The dance so sustained for some 10 minutes, and with the filing past, was renewed three times. As rotation ceased, each Dervish stood with arms folded and slightly bowed, statuesque as though he had never moved. Afterwards for a fourth time they filed past; the elders being hissed on the neck by the Sheik, the novices merely kissing his hand, and with a salaam each retired.

Conducted through the Harem we found the ladies amusing themselves with our sabres, and before leaving we were again regaled with coffee and pipes. Founded originally by a native of Balk early in 13th century, they are richest of all orders, having inherited land from the Seleucid Sultans; they are also recruited from the highest and wealthiest. Condor thinks this ancient dance was that of the Kabiri the seven great planetary Gods. (Heth and Moab 72. 101)

Another day we went to see the Rufai, or Howling Dervishes and were admitted to a gallery railed off from centre of mosque; on the opposite side were native spectators. When the Dervish entered he halted in front of the Mihrab on our right over which was a looped curtain, prostrating he fell in line with brethren differently clad, in front of whom sat some elderly men chanting the Quran and at their side some gentle young neophytes. Standing shoulder to shoulder they bow right and left, they jerk back their heads and bend forward, to chant "Allah il Allah" at each motion. Standing on right foot they swayed the body and left leg from side to side, or backwards and forwards.

Every time Q'uran was read, the movement is quickened till bathed in perspiration and giddy from exertion, they gradually subside into an idiotic shuffle, those who collapsed were replaced. All this time of the dzikr, a red clothed Mullah waited on each performer when required, exchanging his red for a white linen garment, his thick robe for cambric, laying the used garments on the floor in front of the Kiblah. The effluvium was dreadful, but whether the performance was modified for our sake, there was neither self-torture nor extasy.

We made frequent visits across to Pera, whence we explored the principal Churches, attended services at the Phanar, breakfasting with the Patriarch, and at the Armenian Cathedral in Pera, and made several excursions round the walls before we had completed the circuit. On one occasion we had scarcely got outside the Gate, than a large red masonry Barrack used as a French hospital was seen to be on fire on the opposite side of the Douad Pasha plain. Beds and furniture were thrown out of the windows and as no means of extinguishing the flames was within reach and the little Turkish engines when they did come were practically useless, the building was reduced to a blackened shell.

Churches in CP

1 Kutchuk Agia Sophia ; SS Sergius & Bacchus

2 Pantocrator Zarek Jamisi ; triple Ch of Comnemi Latin HD Qrs 13th cent ; one dome still full of mosaics.

3 S John Studium (Emer-haher)

4 Saviour or Chora ; where in turn with Hodegetra the Virgin's robe was kept.

5. Pammachariston (Feteyeh Jamisi) to which P(atrarch?) moved from Apostles.

Ayia Sophia, now ornamented with minarets, claimed an early visit. Built by Justinian on ruins of the temple destroyed in conflagration of the Nika riots, in 532, it contains no wood save for doors, ornamented with gilt bronze; surmounted by a lofty shallow dome with 40 windows round the rim, 180 ft high in centre, and 107 ft in diameter, for lightness built of pumice stone and Rhodian brick, resting on massive pillars of Egyptian granite. Yet the weight was found to be too great, and eight years ago the walls had to be strengthened.

Columns were brought from Grecian temples, Athens and Delphos, and even from Heliopolis and Baalbec; eight porphyry from Sun temple of Aurelius in Rome and other eight of green from Ephesus; Justinian himself superintended the work which took nearly six years to complete. The Sanctuary contained 40,000 lbs weight of silver, and the altar glistened with precious stones, so that says Gibbon "one might think it the residence or even the workmanship of the Deity," and Justinian exclaimed, "Glory to God who hath thought me worthy to accomplish so great a work. I have vanquished thee Solomon!"

Like its prototype, C.P. sits on seven hills, or rather elevations; on 1st., are the Seraglio, and Atmeidan or Hippodrome, Ayia Sophia, and the Church of St. Irene; on the next the Mosque of Osman, and Burnt Column of Constantine which stood in centre of Forum, under which the instruments of Crucifixion are said to be preserved, as well as a Palladium of Troy; in the valley near Bridge of Boats, lies the Bazaar, and Mosque of Yeni Jami, The Secretariat (War Office) stands on third, on site of Forum of Theodosios, and the Mosque of Sulieman; and on 4th that of Mahommed II on site of churches of Ch. of Apostles, and Pancrator, successively the seat of the Patriarchate, now moved to the Phanar on fifth hill, with Mosque of Fatiych Jamisi (Pammacariston) and that of Selim above, and the Mougoutiya (Mongol) Church, one of the five remaining of some five hundred.

On the sixth is the Hebdomon (Jekfur-Serai) palace of the Lord; and at its foot the Kahireh Jamisi Mosque, formerly Church of the Saviour, with its monastery of the Chora, in the fields and beyond, the ancient Blacherne suburb. On extreme South the political prison of Seven Towers stands on the shore, to greet one on arriving.

(Haigia Sophia?) Once its walls were covered with Mosaics, now whitewashed over; the Mehreb on South, it indicated the direction of Mecca, and the elevated preaching platform disfigure the grand simplicity of outline; round the walls too, are suspended eight huge light green shields, inscribed with names of the four Archangels and also of the companions of the prophet. Balustrades of white marble on which the crosses have been effaced, enclose the galleries, and on the cupola can still be seen the wings of Cherubim whose heads have found a similar fate. A sloping passage leads to the great gallery where we can get a better view of the interior, brightened by varied coloured habaraks (cloaks) of veiled women, gay clothes of the children freely playing about, and the men listening to the preacher, or reader of the Quran. And what memories such a spot invokes; Yonder where stood the High Altar, Emperors and Patriarchs were crowned & installed;

On New Year's day, old style, we went from Pera to the second service at the Greek church at 8-50 a.m., Matins and Lauds had been said at 3-30 as in all the city churches, by aggregation, but here from deficient accommodation, a second service is necessary.

The throne was occupied by the Choro Episcopus, and the first service had scarce ended ere

we were led to seats close to the Iconostasas. A continuous row of stalls on two steps ranged down the body of the Church along the pillars against second of which stood the Bishop's throne on a third step under a canopy. Iconostass handsomely panelled with icons; above it a cross between the implements of crucifixion. The Bishop vested in purple Mandyas embroidered with red and gold loria, over black cassock, and in black cope and veil: the Mandyas is like a cope, with loop and button instead of mosse, and repeated at lower end. The Gospel was chanted from ambon near centre of nave.

In some of our explorations on 4th hill we visited the site of the Church of Apostles and of Pantocrator, Zarek Jamisi, Latin Hd Qrs. in 13 cent., where now stands the Mosque of Muhammad 2nd, built out of their materials. In a garden behind, stands the Kiz Tash, Column of Marcian, once of Venus, still bearing its marble cippers with the imperial eagle, and near it the site of the famous massacre of the Jannissaries, then called the Et Maidan. Here in 1838 they rose against the Sultan to prevent his reorganisation of the army, and in the three days struggle were annihilated, 20,000 of them fell. The offspring of Christian parents trained into the first regular army were terrible soldiers.

Mosques mostly occupy sites of Churches, and are built with their materials; those of the Church of S. Euphemia, where the 4th Oecumenical Council was held in 451, and which stood above the valley of Haidar Pasha at Kadikuyi, where an Ayasma belonging to it still stands, were brought over to build the great Mosque of Sulieman.

Six churches remain in Christian possession, among them Ayasmas (Holy wells) of S. Mary Blacherne and of Sleep of Mary, near Zeirek Mosque. The Church of St. Irene and two others are secularised, but have not been converted into Mosques. Mahommed II allowed Christians to retain half their Churches, the rest being converted into Mosques, or secularised; but half a century later that edict was rescinded & only one Church left, that presented by Muhammed to his architect.

From what we can learn, the Orthodox Clergy are peasants, insignificant as they are ignorant, and superstitious, uncleanly, long-haired, and repulsive, some say ungodly; so that it is hard to understand that they have any influence.

Considering that a poor abject Christian had but to lift a hand and with two fingers extended, say the Eshhad and rise from contempt and oppression to the dominant caste, it is wonderful that so many Christians remain. * Rycaut, Ottoman Empire. 1668. Page 80.

Thence along, the aqueduct of Valentinian, stretching across to 3rd hill we come to the Seraskariat, ancient Palace of Constantine, inhabited by Muhammad 2nd, and afterwards converted into a Seraglio for aged Sultans. On to the second hill to see the column of Constantine, which stood in the centre of Forum, surrounded by porticos, triumphal arches and statues; under which were believed to be the implements of crucifixion, and, a palladium of Troy. Once it bore a bronze figure of Apollo, with head of the Emperor.

After which we return by the noisy and bustling crowds of the Great Bazaar built by the Greeks, vaulted roofed arcades with same trades grouped together, and groceries at the end. The tobacco cutters from whose shears the pale silken threads curl off with an aroma delicious and inviting.

Rising one morning at Pera at 2 a.m. piloted by our Dragoman with paper lantern, through the rugged half paved street, with gaping holes mid an atmosphere of choked up sewers, through deserted streets, save where the guard opposite Miseri's Hotel was half asleep, down towards the graveyard below, more silent still, we turned into a street again even narrower and dirtier, to Galata gate, roused the slumbering and astonished guard, - who as usual wanted bakshish - on till another

gate obstructs us with guard equally indolent, and thence by the new bridge into Stamboul.

Hitherto the silent darkness was only broken by the infrequent challenge from Arsenal guards, now, we are mid a moving throng of men, even women, with so many lanterns that it seemed like a torch-light procession. Behind the still silent and dreary darkness now the long street illumined by the Christian procession, whilst Moslems are all asleep, though neither bell nor Muezzin calls to prayer, all wending their way to the Theophany of their Lord.

At the Phanr, we were led through the crowded congregation and brilliantly lighted Church to the seats of the Hespodars, opposite the throne, as service was beginning. Close to us, where the nave joins the choir, was a narrow table with platform behind, on which stood some candles as yet unlighted, a cross splendidly jewelled with large emeralds etc., with handsomely wrought dishes on either side, and in front three bowls of water and an incense vessel. Opposite stood the venerable P--, mild and amiable looking, past the prime of life with beard nearly grey, vested over cassock with a purple embroidered Mandyas, glistening epimanichia, and his right hand grasping a silver pateressa reaching to his shoulder. Below him stood 2 Archbishops in gradation; the senior nearest the throne.

In the middle of the usual morning service, the P-- now vested in epitachelion, and over it a broad, white satin scarf edged and embroidered with gold (not Omphorion) performed the office of lesser sanctification. A small cross set throughout with a row of magnificent emeralds was brought from the sanctuary, with a relic; holding these in his right hand, he went, preceded by deacons vested, and each bearing a triple light in silver scones tied in centre with pink ribbon, to the platform, where now the lights and incense were burning. During the Office he blessed the water, by thrice crossing the right hand through it from east to west and then across. After the Office he sprinkled the congregation and us with the newly blessed water.

The Liturgy continued with the Great Entrance, six acolytes leading each with a huge light, followed by four others bearing round flat dishes on long staves, who tarried in open rank at the holy doors, whilst the ministers passed through to the altar; the elements covered with gorgeous corporals - holy bread first - and then the people reverently received the (Agapes) bread from the P-- at the throne. (see Guardian March /56)

The P-- now sent to request our presence and with his Dragoman who had stood near us throughout the service, we went up two flights of steps, into what seemed the Chapter room, with a throne at upper end and a divan round the other three sides, and thence, the way lined by ecclesiastics and officials, into a comfortable apartment heated in centre by a large charcoal brazier. A long narrow table stood within the entrance with a row of six candles, diminishing in height from the centre, and Pipes with cumbrous massive amber mouthpieces were given to us, most of the Archbishops being already supplied, and presently all rose to receive the P-- now in cassock and cap; he entered quietly without ceremony, and advancing to the table said a short blessing, then sat down in East corner of the divan. Our conversation was carried on in Romaic and French. When allusions to Neale's dedication brought in St. Petersburg, my companion told them he had stayed there with the late Emperor. Then we mentioned our frequent visits to the afternoon service at St. George's Monastery near Balaclava, and generally on Sundays. We confessed that through fear of public refusal we had been deterred from stepping down to receive Communion, to which the P-- graciously replied that we ought to have obeyed the impulse; intimating (as we thought) that it would not have been with-held. It must have been the love feast - agape. Tea and toast were served Eastern fashion, a napkin placed across the knees, Turkish preserve like pineapple preceded, the spoon for which you afterwards place in a glass of water. Tea followed, then pipes again, and just as day was appearing we went home.

The real attitude of the Orthodox Church towards us was ascertained by the Rev. W. Palmer, who endeavoured to establish intercommunion but received this rebuff from Mouravieff deputy Procurator of the Holy synod. - "Did not the Pope send St. Augustine to convert you? These are the Eastern Patriarchs who know you only through the Latin, through your Pope. If we had any communication with your Church, it must be through the Pope and the Church of Rome. Reconcile yourselves to your own Patriarch first, and then come and talk to us, if you think you have anything to say to us." Their view is therefore that Anglicans are in schism, and outside the pale of the Christian Church so long as they refuse to submit themselves to the Bishop of Rome, as head of the Western Church. This however, we only knew long after, a [Diary p 229]

The Phanar on 5th hill, so called from the neighbouring lighthouse, includes the Patriarchate and Church, Mosque (once Church of Pammacaristou) Feteyeh Jamisi and the Mougoutissa Church of the Moguls. The Pammacaristou was given to the P-- instead of the larger Church of Apostles. At our next visit, passing St. Nicholas' Church we entered St. George's close to the palace in time for a short service, after which the priest, when we had Kissed the cross on our prayer books, showed us the venerable chair of St. Chrysostom, and a very ancient icken, then he exhibited some relics from a chest, and in order the better to explain, put on the vestments. We noticed that the Epimamandikis chid, oval in shape, was like our gauntlet without the glove, fastened by seam along lower edge, and the Dalmatic was fastened at sides by a series of loops.

The dress was adopted from the monks of Mt. Athos, a black crepe veil over plain black cap, falling down shoulders. The clerical costume was not remarkable till reign of Soliman, when a deputation of Patriarch and prelates issued from Adrianople to do homage, and the Turks recognising them, supposed their intention hostile, and were preparing to attack, when they discovered their mistake. To prevent a recurrence, the clergy were ordered to wear a conspicuous dress, and adopting the other extreme, they appeared in bright hats of crimson velvet, adorned with glittering crosses of gold, which were however soon laid aside.

The taint of money thus introduced spread rapidly downwards through the whole ecclesiastical establishment, and became part of its constitution, it has spread into the new kingdom of Greece. (Finlay G & Kg 163 .)

The City walls are mostly of brickwork in wide bands, which have stood 24 sieges and been taken six times, occupied many excursions, for they extend for five miles across the promontory from Yeni Koule. the seven towers, to the Golden Horn. Five of these towers were built by Zeno and completed by Manuel Comnenus in 1132. Two others were added by Muhammad 2nd, when he repaired the others, but now only four remain. The masonry is immense, the parapets are only eighteen inches wide, but the ramparts are broad enough to mount 6 pr. guns; there are only one or two beautiful brass cannon there now. A narrow flight of steps leads to the top, from which the view is very fine. On the outer walls there still remain the two Corinthian columns which belonged to the Gilded Gate, by which Heracleas and Narsetes made their triumphal entry. Of the two towers behind this Golden Gate, one was the state prison of Ambassadors of States at war with the Sultan, and occupied last in 1825. Among the Latin inscriptions on the walls the most recent is that of the Venetian Ambassador, when in Ahmet 3rd's reign the war in Morea broke out - The other, used now as a powder magazine, is infamous for its dismal traditions, a living sepulchre where nobles awaited execution, or maddened by despair dashed their brains out against the walls. In one dungeon was the mortar in which the bones and flesh of Ulemas were pounded. In the second chamber the condemned were secretly beheaded, and their heads thrown into the well, now loosely covered with a slab. Beneath was the cavern where those condemned to torture had their flesh torn off in strips, where burning pitch was poured into the wounds of the lash, and men were bereft of feet and hands, struck off.

Outside, the first line of walls is almost obliterated, but the inner with its lofty towers, built of mixed courses of stone and brick, shattered and crumbling, still preserves the outward form given by Constantine 1500 years ago. The outer wall is still encircled by a road, paved though rough, which remains from Roman times. Passing out by the next, Selivri (or Selymbria) gate, through which the road to that place runs, recognisable by its small bridge of three gold coloured arches, defended by a Genoese Captain Maurice Cattanio, we come to a vast cemetery, and close by is the little Balukli Monastery (Balik fish). Entering the silent courtyard, a Caloyer (monk) robed in tattered blue cotton, lights a taper and leads us down some steps into a dark cellar, in which is a tank; shading the light with his hand, he points to the red fish darting through the water, "Idhoo psari, Effendi", "Look at the fish!" and mumbles their story. During the final assault, as a brother monk was frying their fish a confrere rushed to the door and cried "The city is taken!" "That I will believe" replied the cook, "if these fish jump out of the pan", which they instantly did, half red from being cooked on one side; all alive they were replaced in the water and as we see are alive to this day. Of all the Ayasmas (holy-wells) this is the most venerated, and on 29th April, its festal day, crowds congregate in a regular fair, mid which the crippled and sick are brought to be cured, by its healing waters. The Church built here in memorial of this miracle commemorated Ap.29, was demolished to its foundations by the rabble, to visit their spleen at the Greek insurrection.

Passing the Phanar through the Blacherne quarter and out by Egri-Kapu gate, next the old Blachern Palace, not far from the Golden horn, the famous Caligaria gate by which Justinian made his triumphal entry and Alexis Comnenos entered to take possession of the throne. Outside are cemeteries - a Muhammedan on one side and a Greek opposite, - in the former Orbano had planted huge guns, with great difficulty dragged by 100 bullocks, and worked by 400 Artillery; but neither house nor inhabitant is in sight - only the walls & the road between the two resting places of the dead, tower beyond tower and tomb beyond tomb.

Next we reach the square gate of Adrianople (Edrinople, Polyandria of the Greeks, flanked by octagonal towers, which was defended by the brothers Paul and Antonio Bochiardi, and afterwards became the gate of triumphal entry of the Ottoman army.

Descending the Adrianople road into the vale of Lyjus and mounting the rising ground, we looked over arid plain of Daoud Pasha, lately a French camp, where Muhammad had his Head Quarters.

Returning to the gate and along the lonely dusty white road between the walls and cemeteries, tower succeeding tower and tomb tomb, and the only sound the murmur of the winged insects among the reeds; the walls clothed with vegetables and veiling the loopholes and mapping out the fissures, we cross the Lycus as it enters next the Peinpli gate, now walled up. Half way is the Top Kapusi through which the final assault was made and entrance gained.

The heart swells at the thought that this interminable village stands on the ruins of second Rome, that immense Museum of treasures torn from Italy, Greece, Egypt and Asia Minor. Where are now those grand porticoes that traversed the city, the gilded cupolas, the colossal equestrian statues, that rose on Titanic pedestals in front of theatres and baths, the bronze Iphigenia couched upon porphyry pedestals, the temples and palaces that reared their granite fronts among an aerial of marble Gods and silver Emperors.

All gone and transformed! the bronze statues melted into cannon, the copper obelisk sheathing, into coin, the Church of St. Irene into an Arsenal, the pedestal of Arcadius' Column into a blacksmith's shop; the Hippodrome into a horse market. Ivy and rubbish cover the foundations of the Imperial city. (De Amicis)

The principal gate of old Sereglia Bab Uranium (August) opens on the small square behind St. Sophia, near the fountain of Ahmed, the large door of black and white marble decorated with rich arabesques, over which rises a lofty pagoda, covered with projecting roof. Above on marble slab is the inscription of Mohammed 2, "Allah preserve eternally the glory of its Possessor! Alla strengthen the edifice! Alla fortify the foundations!.

Here, each morning, came the people to see what nobles had been beheaded during the night; they were hung from a nail within the niches on either side of the door, or exposed in a silver basin, near which was affixed the accusation and sentence, their bodies were thrown into the square in front. Inside is the first enclosure of Court of Janissaries.

S. Sophia stands opposite principal gate of old Seraglio in front of which is the fountain of Ahmed III. On every side the Church is hidden by the mosque, only the dome appears. On E. is a door ornamented with 6 columns of Porphyry and marbles & at South - through another gate we enter a Court surrounded by low irregular buildings, in which is a fountain for ablution under the arched roof on 8 columns. By narrow passage along N. side of Church; to bronze door opening into vestibule, a very long lofty hall, lined with marble, and a few ancient mosaics here and there; this gives access to E. nave by 9 doors, and on the opposite side it (gap) vestibule by 13 more communi-

Meantime we were preparing for a campaign on the Black Sea Coast, and had thoroughly re-equipped when rumours of an armistice forewarned the end of the war.

Early in April about 1 a.m, eight bells announced a fire at Tophana. It proved to be Ad. Gray's house and Lady Gray recently returned from Malta had a narrow escape from bed to the *Queen* - ship - Then the sultan gave a cup to be run for at an Allied meeting near Haidir Pasha, at which there was a brilliant gathering with many ladies. I made what was impressed on me as a foolish bet, in backing a horse that had won the previous race for a fiver against the field; but he carried off the cup, and I determined never to bet again.

Peace was proclaimed on 5th April.

Little we thought that within half a generation Russia would tear up the treaty and openly defy its obligations.